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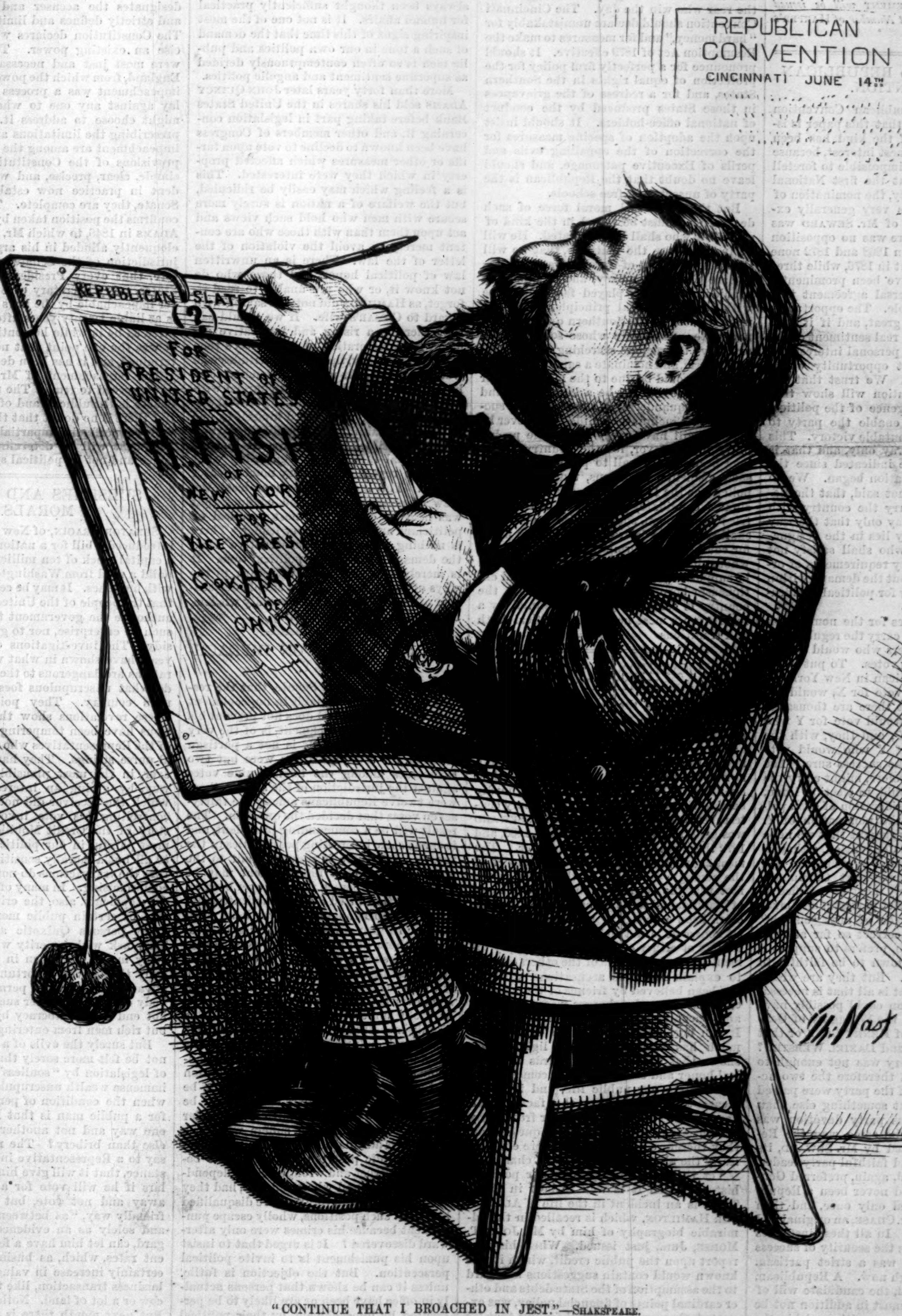
REPUBLICAN CONVENTION
CINCINNATI JUNE 14TH
REPUBLICAN SLATE
(?)
FOR
PRESIDENT OF
UNITED STATES
H. FISH
OF
NEW YORK
FOR
VICE PRESIDENT
GOV. HAYES
OF
OHIO
Th. Nast

"CONTINUE THAT I BROACHED IN JEST."—Shakspeare.

The Circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY is over 120,000 Copies per Week.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 24, 1876.

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THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE National Republican Convention meets on the day that this paper is issued. No assembly of the kind has been awaited with more earnest interest, because it has been absolutely impossible to foretell its action. In 1856, at the first National Convention of the party, the nomination of Colonel Fremont was very generally expected; in 1860 that of Mr. Seward was conceded; in 1864 there was no opposition to Mr. Lincoln; and in 1868 and 1872 none to General Grant. But in 1876, while three or four candidates have been prominently named, there is universal agreement that the result is incalculable. The opportunity of the Convention is great, and if it were controlled more by the real sentiment of the party and less by the personal interests of the organization, that opportunity would certainly not be lost. We trust that the action of the Convention will show that comprehensive intelligence of the political situation which will enable the party to move forward to indisputable victory. This can be done in one way only, and that is the way that we have indicated since the contest for the nomination began. We do not say, as we have not said, that the Republicans can not carry the country with any candidate. We say only that the way to indisputable victory lies in the designation of a candidate who shall satisfy not only the ordinary party requirements of orthodoxy and fidelity, but the demand within and without the party for political purification and progress.

There are candidates for the nomination who if selected would carry the regular vote of the party, and others who would add to that a host of outside votes. To put it impersonally, no Republican in New York, for instance, who would vote for X, would not vote also for Y. But there are thousands of Republicans who would vote for Y who would not vote for X; and they, with the outside supporters of Y who would vote against X, would make success sure. The nomination of X, therefore, might carry the State. That of Y would, in election lingo, sweep it. Every consideration of good policy, therefore, urges the nomination of Y. This is the kind of argument that we hope will prevail with the Convention, although it is not considered sound by some who will be very active managers at Cincinnati. They hold that a party must be satisfied if the candidate is a strict partisan, and must not listen to the voice of any "outside" charmer. They are correct so far as this, that a party, as such, prefers to support a candidate who is known to be faithful to the party principles. But they are wrong in supposing that that is all that is necessary. What comparison could possibly have been made between the Whiggery of General Harrison and of Henry Clay, or that of General Taylor and Daniel Webster? Strict party Whiggery was not enough to promise success, and therefore the two acknowledged chiefs of the party were passed by. It was felt that something else than steady and strenuous party devotion was indispensable. In the same way the Republican party passed by Mr. Seward, its most conspicuous and faithful party leader, for Mr. Lincoln, and, again, preferred General Grant, who had never been a Republican, and had voted only once, and then for Buchanan, to Mr. Chase, an original and radical Republican. In all these instances it was not enough as the security of success that the candidate was a strict partisan. Nor will it be enough now. A Republican, undoubted and tried, the candidate will of course be. But he must in addition not be the object of sincere opposition within the party, and he must be acceptable to those who stand aside from parties. This is, in a true and honorable sense, the "availability" of a candidate.

But the Republican Convention will not only nominate a candidate; it will make a declaration of principles. We only echo the universal feeling in saying that magnificent and vague generalities will be received by the party and the country with utter contempt. The important inquiry is, What has the Convention to say upon the Southern question, upon the currency, upon reform; what upon the school system, the Presidential term, the Indians? And whatever it has to say upon issues which interest any large number of citizens or the whole country should be said tersely and plainly and courageously. Abject cowardice is the bane of our politics. In the futile and feeble endeavor not to say or do any thing which may scare the reluctant straggler in the party rear, the ardent van, who break the way for victory, are chilled and repelled. But it is not the frightened stragglers in the rear who win the day. The Cincinnati Convention should declare unmistakably for "hard money," and for measures to make the Resumption Act of 1879 effective. It should pronounce for a perfectly firm policy for the protection of equal rights in the Southern States, and for a redress of the grievances in those States produced by the conduct of national office-holders. It should insist upon the adoption of specific measures for the correction of the appalling evils and perils of Executive patronage, and should leave no doubt that the Republican is the party of unsectarian free schools.

But the value and moral force of such declarations must be found in the kind of candidate who shall be nominated. He will be in this sense the platform, that he will show the sincerity of the declarations. To declare for hard money, and nominate a candidate who has played fast and loose with sound financial principles; to insist upon wisdom on the Southern question, and nominate a candidate whose sole policy is artillery; to proclaim searching administrative reform, and nominate a candidate whose selection would be due to the malign power of patronage—would be a lamentable and ludicrous squandering of the chances of success. The Cincinnati candidate, whoever he may be, will have every reasonable probability in his favor, for the country would long hesitate to recall to power a party of such elements, traditions, tendencies, and policies as the Democratic. But if the Cincinnati candidate, while he is a true and tried Republican, shall be also a man who shall satisfy the desire of the national heart for courageous reform and elevation of the whole character of the government, he will be supported and elected with universal enthusiasm born of the conviction that the country is celebrating its Centennial by a return to its most honorable political faith and traditions.

OLD-FASHIONED POLITICAL MORALITY.

THE ardors of the political campaign of this year before the election can hardly surpass those of the contest for the nomination. This contest has been often known in the Democratic party, but it is entirely new to the Republican. Even in 1860, when Mr. Lincoln was nominated, it can hardly be said that there was any preliminary contest, because the nomination of Mr. Seward was generally conceded. In 1864, 1868, and 1872 there was no contest whatever. The most significant and unhandsome aspect of the struggle this year in the party is the fact that the attempt to injure the chances of candidates for the nomination has so often been a charge of pecuniary dishonor. Of course it is not to be supposed that the friends of either candidate have deeply lamented to see some one of the others obliged to explain injurious accusations, while it has been believed by friends of the accused candidate that the charges were instigated and encouraged by friends of the others. It can not, unfortunately, be denied that much has been brought to light which shows that the higher standards of political honor and conduct have become greatly obscured in our public life, and it is not pleasant to reflect that the facts which have been exposed do not differ from many practices long recognized and unquestioned; they therefore point only the more emphatically the absolute necessity of a change.

Yet there are examples in our political history which it is well to bear in mind. There is an incident in the life of Alexander Hamilton, which is recalled in the admirable biography of him by Mr. John T. Morse, Jun., just issued. When his first report upon the public credit, which it was known would contain suggestions in regard to the assumption of the State debts and other cardinal points of financial policy, was expected, there was a general feeling that his suggestions would be adopted, and there was therefore the most eager curiosity to know what they were. Hamilton's old Revolutionary comrade, Colonel Henry Lee, wrote to him to know if the Secretary thought it right to tell what the probable value of the domestic debt and the interest obligations would be. A little preliminary knowledge of this kind would have made great fortunes very rapidly. Hamilton's reply is well worth studying by those who think fastidiousness upon such subjects "sentimentalism" and high-flown Quixotism. It is as follows:

> "I am sure you are sincere when you say you would not submit me to an impropriety. Nor do I know that there would be any impropriety in answering your queries. But you remember the saying with regard to Cæsar's wife. I think the spirit of it applicable to every man concerned in the administration of the finances of a country. With respect to the conduct of such men suspicion is ever eagle-eyed, and the most innocent things are apt to be misinterpreted."

Hamilton did not forfeit his character either as a politician or a statesman by the expression of such sentiments, and he has always been thought sufficiently practical for human affairs. It is not one of the most inspiring signs of this time that the demand of such a tone in our own politics and public men is so often contemptuously derided as superfine sentiment and angelic politics.

More than forty years later John Quincy Adams sold his shares in the United States Bank before taking part in legislation concerning it, and other members of Congress have been known to decline to vote upon tariffs or other measures which affected property in which they were interested. This is a feeling which may easily be ridiculed, but the welfare of a nation is surely more secure with men who hold such views and act upon them than with those who are content merely to avoid the violation of the letter of the law. There is an unwritten law of political honor, and those who do not know it, or who are unable to read it, forget, as Hamilton did not, the saying with regard to Cæsar's wife. If we should say that there is a rising and imperative demand for a restoration of Hamilton's tone of official morality, there are multitudes who would think that it was not a demand for a high ideal. Yet, when he was charged with what is now an almost familiar political dishonor, Hamilton exonerated himself by one of the most painful and humiliating explanations possible. He exculpated himself from official infidelity by confessing what would be regarded as a very much greater offense. The incident shows at least the view of political honor and conduct that was held by one of the most practical of politicians and a great party leader. There is nothing more truly "conservative" than the demand for a higher political tone. It is merely an exhortation to return to the ways of the fathers. It is a simple declaration of Poor Richard's very worldly wisdom, that honesty is the best policy.

THE DECISION UPON IMPEACHMENT.

THE decision of the Senate, that the resignation of an officer liable to impeachment before he is impeached does not prevent his trial under the impeachment, is of the very greatest importance. It is not a partisan decision, for although there were but two Democrats among the twenty-nine votes against the jurisdiction of the Senate, there were twelve Republicans among the thirty-seven votes that decided the question. The result will be a commanding precedent, and it opens some interesting possibilities in the future. For there is now no limit to the term during which impeachment may be brought. Any person who has ever been an officer of the United States constitutionally liable to impeachment, however long withdrawn into private life, may be impeached. Nor is there at first view any essential injustice in such a decision. The weight of the constitutional penalty is in that part of it which incapacitates the convicted person from ever holding any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States. It is plainly monstrous that the infliction of this grave and enduring penalty, which is the substance and outward disgrace of the punishment, should be left wholly to the option of the offender. And why should time be allowed to work outlawry? If a man be discovered to have committed a murder twenty years before, he suffers when the evidence is adequate. Shall a man who held a high public post ten years ago, who betrayed his trust and wronged those depending upon him, and whose offenses, had they been known, would totally have disqualified him from such positions, wholly escape punishment because his crimes were only afterward discovered? It is urged that to insist upon his punishment is to invite political persecution. But the objection is futile, unless it can be shown that persons actually in office have been or are likely to be persecuted by impeachment by their political opponents. Until public virtue and national manhood have wholly perished, no party movement would be so foolish and fatal as a merely partisan impeachment. Nothing but a sense of imminent and threatening danger carried the movement against Andrew Johnson. A long retrospective and merely partisan impeachment would ruin a party.

Mr. Morton's resolution, which was lost, contained the remarkable statement that the power of impeachment was "created" by the Constitution. But nothing is more evident than that it is merely recognized by that instrument. Its existence is assumed. It is a constitutional security that descended to us from the mother country, and is no more created by the Constitution than the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*. The Constitution regulates the working of the writ, and prescribes in what cases only it may be suspended. Like the right of the writ, the power of impeachment is assumed by the Constitution, which names the officers who, and who only, may be impeached, designates the accuser and the tribunal, and strictly defines and limits the penalty. The Constitution declares who shall exercise an existing power. The limitations were most just and necessary, because in England, from which the power was derived, impeachment was a process that virtually lay against any one to whom Parliament might choose to address it. The clauses prescribing the limitations and methods of impeachment are among the most excellent provisions of the Constitution. They are simple, clear, precise, and with the precedent in practice now established by the Senate, they are complete. That precedent confirms the position taken by John Quincy Adams in 1846, to which Mr. Manager Hoar eloquently alluded in his argument for the jurisdiction of the Senate: "I hold, therefore, that every President of the United States, every Secretary of State, every officer impeachable by the laws of the country, is as liable twenty years after his office expired as he is while he continues in office." It was the one point that needed to be determined, and it has been decisively settled.

The impeachment of Mr. Belknap will now proceed to trial. The majority of the Senate is Republican and of his own party. But there is no doubt that the deliberations will be perfectly impartial, and that the judgment will be determined by the evidence, and not by political sympathy.

SUBSIDIES AND PUBLIC MORALS.

Senator Cragin, of New Hampshire, has introduced a bill for a national railway with a capital stock of ten millions of dollars, to build a road from Washington to New York, with branches. It may be certainly assumed that the people of the United States will not authorize the government to take stock in such an enterprise, nor to grant it any subsidy. The investigations of the last four years have shown in what way huge corporations are dangerous to the country. They do what unscrupulous foes do in an enemy's country. They poison the wells. These revelations show that the corporations have been tampering with the honor of the Representatives who hold the national purse strings. They have done it, however, in the most plausible and seductive way, by giving an interest in a manner which the receiver did not suspect, and so controlling his vote involuntarily. The story of the Crédit Mobilier is one of the most painful in our political history. Yet to all but a morally sensitive and alert nature the transactions do not seem to be very compromising. In many of the more recent developments, also, the criticism of the action of certain public men has seemed to many persons Quixotic and over-refined. They ask with asperity whether it is seriously meant that men in public life must deny themselves opportunities of personal advantage which are permissible to every body else, and whether such a course would not end in a plutocracy by prohibiting all but rich men from entering public life.

But surely the evils of a plutocracy could not be felt more sorely than in the control of legislation by "soulless" corporations of immense wealth unscrupulously used. And when the condition of personal advantage for a public man is that his vote shall go one way and not another, is it any thing else than bribery? The railroad does not say to a Representative in Congress, for instance, that it will give him a thousand dollars if he will vote for a subsidy, or stay away and not vote, but its agents in a friendly way, "as between man and man," and solely as an evidence of personal regard, can let him have a few shares at present rates, which, as business is good, will certainly increase in value. It is a simple business transaction, like the purchase of a cow or a lot of land. Nothing can be fairer. But next month there is a question of aid to the road. The agent says nothing to the purchaser and owner. He has confidence in human nature. He is very sure that the purchaser will not vote money out of his pocket. The purchaser in turn feels that he would be a fool to do so. The good of the country, its settlement and development, a large view of the function of government, require him to support great public improvements, and his vote goes for the subsidy. A hundred years ago in England the Prime Minister's agent sat in a room in the Parliament House, and paid members for their votes in hard money of the realm. But then Englishmen were always clumsy.

The moral and political tone of the whole country is fatally lowered by this kind of transaction. The proof of it is found in the wonder expressed that any body should be surprised by it, or think it strange. Its influence is so deadly that if a man declines to touch the advantage himself, he is held to be perfectly innocent when he hands it to a friend. We have mentioned John Quincy Adams's sale of his shares in the United States Bank when the bank became a subject of legislation. Was that Quixotic and overrefined? Mr. Adams was certainly not what is now called a sentimentalist, if by that word be meant an unpractical man; and was there any thing in his action beyond the instinctive honorable conduct of a gentleman? Of course it will be asked how far this is to go; and whether, as all values depend more or less upon the general prosperity, a vote for a policy which promotes that prosperity is not a vote for the increased value of any kind of property that the voter may own.

The answer to the question must be found in putting it plainly. If a member of Congress is largely interested in coal or iron, and votes for a tariff which, in his opinion, will exclude other coal and iron, and leave his own in possession of the market, is his conduct consonant with what is known as the honorable conduct of a gentleman? It is the practice of some members of Congress not to vote upon measures in which they have any kind of pecuniary interest. But, after all, that is a kind of evasion, for they are sent to vote upon every measure, not to refrain from voting; and to refrain is to admit that their interest would probably affect their vote. But the action that has startled and alarmed the country is not of this kind. It is that members of Congress can deal in the securities of railroads which depend upon Congressional aid without perceiving that there is any thing wrong in it. It may be done in perfect good faith, and without any sinister or interested intent of any kind whatever. We certainly should not hold that the man who did it was necessarily corrupt or dishonest in any degree. But it is proof of a tendency, of a laxity, which the offender himself might cordially acknowledge when pointed out, while his inability instinctively to see it would be a significant sign of the subtle and malign influence of great corporations upon political character. The question is instantly raised whether the advantage of any kind gained by national subsidies to great corporations is not more than balanced by the inevitable, however occult and remote, political demoralization which they produce.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The English historian Freeman, in a vigorous and pointed article upon the Eastern question, declares that the only sure way of peace lies in the expulsion of the Turk from Europe. The widening and deepening insurrection among the Herzegovinians, which now embraces Servia; the "notes" of the great powers; their conference at Berlin; the revolution in Constantinople; the deposition of the Sultan, and his death by suicide or assassination—all seem to show unmistakably that "the Eastern question" is again of commanding importance, and that the powers may find it necessary to administer finally upon the estate of "the sick man." The insurrection in Herzegovina is, as usual, of religious origin, and the whole Turkish trouble is due to the conflict between the ferocity of the essential Turkish spirit and the necessity of the situation. The Christian provinces are subject to the Turks. The Turks are incredibly ignorant and superstitious. It is in vain that the Sublime Porte, the Sultan's government, more enlightened than the people, desires and promises a policy of toleration. It can not be carried out. It is a policy imposed upon the Porte by the civilized opinion of Europe, but it is impossible that Asian barbarism should respect or enforce it.

The Christian populations of the Danube are undoubtedly also ignorant and superstitious. But that makes the contest only the more fatal and hopeless. Danubian Christianity is not of a kind that could excite much sympathy or respect among intelligent European or American Christians, yet it is of a nature to make Mohammedan domination insupportable. The details of the Turkish tyranny, also, are repulsive and exasperating, and there is an ever-smouldering fire of hate in the provinces which sometimes leaps into a flame. The Turkish government had been struggling in vain with the Herzegovinian insurrection, when the powers recommended to Sultan Abdul-Aziz a scheme of concession and reform. His conduct was the signal for a rising of the Suftis, the Mohammedan ecclesiastics, and their fanatical fury drove the Sultan from the throne. He had already, however, abandoned his earlier reforms, as they were called, and he had no efficient party to interfere for him. After a week's imprisonment, he killed himself or was put to death. His nephew, the new Sultan, is in the hands of able and bold men. But it is not probable that they can make effective the reforms which Europe expects. The position of Turkey is that which Buckle graphically describes as that of Spain at the close of the last century. The government is enlightened, but the people are barbarously ignorant and fanatically superstitious. Real harmony is therefore impracticable, and the result can hardly be other than further trouble.

Meanwhile the dream of a great Sclavic empire is renewed. Servia is a country of proud historic traditions and of a certain patriotic fervor and devotion which would be the heart of such a movement. But even if the European powers should agree to remain passive spectators of events, it is probable that the mutual jealousies and rivalries of the constituents of the movement would make it abortive. It is evident, however, that stirring events are anticipated in Europe. Russia favors the Servian movement. But every other European state looks upon Russian movements in Turkey with profound distrust, for it is the traditional and obvious policy of Russia to consume Turkey and plant herself upon the Mediterranean. The other Christian states of Europe, therefore, sustain the Mohammedan on condition that he is generous to his Christian subjects. But those subjects know that such generosity is impossible, and Russia stands friendly by.

NEW BOOKS.

Orton's *Comparative Zoology*, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is somewhat unlike any other book which has been prepared for the use of students in natural history. It is really what its name implies, a comparative zoology; not comparative anatomy alone, nor comparative physiology, but a comparison of the structures and functions of the organs whose duty it is to perform mastication, digestion, circulation, etc., in the different groups of animals, vertebrate and invertebrate. In the words of the author in his preface, "Its distinctive character consists in the treatment of the whole animal kingdom as a unit, and in the comparative study of the development and variations of organs and their functions from the simplest to the most complex state." It begins with a brief review of the difference between mineral and organized bodies, between plants and animals; the origin and progress of life; tissues, organs and their functions, etc.

"How Animals Eat," is the title of the first chapter, in which the distinctive idea of the book is embodied. The prehension of food, the mechanism of mastication and deglutition, as illustrated in all the chief animal groups, are here accurately given. Then follows a description of the apparatus and process of digestion, the formation of blood, the circulation, etc.

Respiration is described in a chapter of which the title is, "How Animals Breathe." The functions of secretion and excretion are then briefly analyzed, and the various devices by which they are accomplished are made known by figures and descriptions. The skin and skeleton, with all their various modifications and appendages, form the subject of another and long chapter. The locomotive apparatus, in motion and at rest, is described under the heading of "How Animals Move." This chapter is followed by a brief sketch of the nervous system and a concise statement of the facts now known with regard to the functions of reproduction and development. This concludes the first and most characteristic part of the volume. The last half is devoted to a classification of animals and a systematic comparison of their resemblances and differences.

The arrangement of the work is very simple and clear, and the style direct and forcible. It has evidently grown out of the real wants of the author in the class-room, and has been framed to meet those wants. It is printed in very handsome style, and the numerous wood-cuts represent well-chosen subjects, and are engraved with much more than ordinary care and finish. From every point of view the book is a valuable addition to the teacher's equipment, and one through which the student can acquire a knowledge of the rudiments of comparative anatomy and physiology more rapidly and easily than by any means hitherto accessible to him.

—One of the most charming books of the season is *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, by John Richard Green, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. In this attractive volume Mr. Green, already well known to our readers as the author of *A Short History of England*, presents a series of very pleasant familiar sketches of English and Italian scenes, over which the reader may pass many a delightful hour. There is nothing of the ordinary tourist twaddle in the volume. The author avoids the commonplace personal details with which many travelers swell the record of their experiences. He does not annoy us with complaints about railways, hotels, steamboats, nor recount his trials—doubtless he had many—with porters, valets, or couriers. Sparing his readers all this, he takes them with him to San Remo, Monaco, Cannes, Florence, along the beautiful banks of the Loire to Capri, to witness the Carnival on the Cornice, and to many other places where one would love to while away a few hours with a congenial and delightful companion—one whose talk is not of dull commonplaces, but of those things which lift us out of commonplaces and make us forget their existence.

PERSONAL.

The visitor to the British Museum may now see in passing through the King's Library, among other curiosities, a copy of the indulgence issued by Pope Leo X. for the rebuilding of St. Peter's at Rome. This indulgence was issued and printed in the year 1517 under the direction of Albert, Archbishop of Mentz and Magdeburg, and it was sold by John Tetzel and Bernardinus Samson as sub-commissaries. The manner in which Tetzel carried on the traffic led, every body knows, to the remonstrance of Luther and the Reformation. This document, printed on vellum and on a single sheet, was purchased for the Museum last October. It is now placed in the King's Library, close to the original printed copy of the ninety-five theses against indulgences and other papal practices posted by Luther on the doors of the church of Wittenberg on the 31st of October, 1517.

—Mr. Henry Watterson and Mr. Haldeman, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, may congratulate themselves on having erected the most stately as well as the most spacious newspaper printing establishment in the United States, and perhaps the largest in the world. It is located on the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Green Street, the finest site in Louisville, fronting one hundred and sixty-five feet on Fourth Avenue and eighty-six feet six inches on Green Street. On the ground-floor, on Fourth Avenue, are six stores, finished in the very best style; the second and third stories are arranged for offices, the fourth for editorial rooms, the fifth for composing-rooms. It has elevators, steam heaters, and every appliance that modern ingenuity and science have developed for ministering to utility, convenience, and comfort. The *Courier-Journal* has from the time of George D. Prentice to the present been a power in the land, and never more so and never more prosperous than it is to-day.

—Mr. Disraeli has done another graceful act in granting to Mrs. Tregelles, widow of the late Rev. Prideaux Tregelles, the eminent Greek scholar, a pension of $500 in recognition of Dr. Tregelles's great services in connection with Biblical translation. The memorial asking that this might be done was signed by twenty-six prelates and many other dignitaries. Mr. Disraeli has also continued to Mrs. Wesley the pension of $500 per annum granted to the late Dr. Wesley in consideration of his service to musical art.

—On Decoration-day at Nashville, Tennessee, the oration at the decoration of the graves of Federal soldiers was delivered by Frank T. Reid, Esq., of the Nashville bar, formerly a Confederate soldier.

—The republican government of France is liberal in its support of at least one Church. It pays to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris $12,000 per annum; the four Cardinal Archbishops of Bordeaux, Rouen, Cambrai, and Rennes, and the Archbishop of Algiers, $6000 each; the twelve other archbishops, $4000 each; and the sixty-nine bishops in France and Algeria, $3000 each. The richest prebends in France are those of St. Denis, which are worth $2000 each for canons of the episcopal order, and $800 each for canons of the second order. The prebends of St. Geneviève (Paris) are worth only $400 per annum. No mention is made of any pecuniary aid to ministers of the Episcopal, Methodist, or Baptist Churches. But we suspect that by-and-by, when the circuit preacher gets fairly mounted, he will ride through France just as he does in the United States and England.

—Sir Bartle Frere gives unqualified testimony to the success of missions in India from his observations during his tour with the Prince of Wales. Wherever he went, he says, there were communities of Christians grown up under the ægis of the British Empire, and the power of the Gospel was most marked where it had been least associated with "temporal power." The men who had been engaged in effecting what seemed to him an enormous revolution in the opinions of those about them were unconscious of what they had done, and were "always striving at something higher and better and more complete."

—An old gentleman of West Newton, Massachusetts, has come to the rescue of General Hull, who is buried in that place. General H. surrendered the Army of the North to the British at Detroit in 1812, and was cashiered and sentenced to death for so doing. The old gentleman thinks that Hull was more unfortunate than blameworthy, and so goes and decorates his grave, and declares, upon his honor, that he will go and do it every year so long as he shall live.

—"By their fruits," etc., etc. An old couple named Fruits live in Ripley, Montgomery County, Indiana. Mr. Fruits is one hundred and thirteen years old, was born in Maryland, used to be six feet three inches high, but has shrunk a trifle, and weighed 225 pounds. He is now cutting a new set of teeth, has new hair growing "on the place where the hair ought to grow," and is on fair terms with the distiller and tobacconist—the bad old man. His wife is ninety, but just how lively she is is not mentioned.

—Mr. Corliss has put his hand on the "governor" and "cut-off." At a recent religious meeting he declared flatly that his great engine should never run on Sunday, whether the Exhibition opened or not.

—Sir Salar Jung, one of the really great men of modern India, is now in England, and is the recipient of high honors. In 1853, when only a lad of nineteen, he was called by Sir Charles Metcalfe to fill the post, previously occupied by his uncle, of chief adviser to the Nizam. Since then he has rendered great service to England by his administration of the dominion of the Nizam. Roads, wells, irrigation-works, a good police, and schools are among the benefits he has conferred. He has a suit of seventy attendants. The London *Times*, in a highly eulogistic sketch of his career, says of him: "No more remarkable person has visited England for many years from countries outside of Europe."

—The Rev. Mr. Milburn, we are glad to hear, has been most cordially received by the literary people of London. Late English papers mention that the Rev. Norman Frederick M'Neile has been appointed a curate in the Established Church. He is entirely blind, and reads the service from a prayer-book printed with raised letters, and his reading is said to be very effective.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote that "when good Americans die they go to Paris." He might have added that when expatriated or dethroned emperors and kings of France die in foreign lands, their mortal remains soon find their way to France. Napoleon sleeps under the Invalides. The Count of Paris has been to England and brought back to France the remains of Louis Philippe, Queen Amelia, the Duchess of Orleans, and the Prince of Condé, and caused them to be taken to Dreux, where they were reinterred in the chapel built by Louis Philippe for the burial of his family. The ceremony was quite private.

—When our principal tar, Admiral Porter, was presented to the Emperor of Brazil, he said to his Majesty, "I had the honor of attending your wedding before you did." The Emperor enjoys a joke, and was well pleased with this one, which, paradoxical as it sounds, was literally true. Donna Teresa, the Empress, is a Neapolitan princess, and was married to Dom Pedro by proxy in Naples. Admiral Porter, then a young officer, was with the United States fleet in the Bay of Naples at the time, and was present at the marriage. He was also on one of our vessels which formed part of the escort of the bride out of the harbor. This vessel was on its way to Rio, and reached the Brazilian capital in time for Admiral Porter to witness the actual marriage of Dom Pedro and his bride.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, on the 3d, passed a bill for the appointment of a commission to treat with the Indians for the relinquishment of the Black Hills. The House Committee of Ways and Means reported concerning the Alaska fur-seal fishery lease that there was no fraud on the part of either the government or the company.—On the 5th, the Senate amended the Appropriation Bill, restoring the appropriations reduced by the House. In the House, a resolution declaring that legislation affecting the tariff is at this time inexpedient was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. Representative Neal, of Ohio, offered a bill to repeal the Resumption Act, but as no notice had been given, it was laid over.—In the Senate, on the 6th, Mr. Boutwell offered the following resolution, which was agreed to:

"*Resolved*, That the President be requested, if in his opinion not incompatible with public interests, to furnish the Senate a fac-simile copy of the original draft of the letter of the Secretary of State to the minister of the United States at the court of St. James, in May, 1861, in relation to the proclamation of her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, recognizing the belligerent character of the Confederate States."

The House, on the 6th, by a vote of 115 to 97, passed a resolution allowing the Committee on Banking and Currency to report at any time any question regarding the currency which has been referred to them. The Indian Appropriation Bill was passed by the House on the 6th. The Senate, on the 6th, refused to agree to Montgomery Blair's request that the Belknap impeachment trial be postponed until December, and decided to begin it July 6.—The Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill and the Fortification Appropriation Bill were passed by the Senate, on the 7th. Speaker Kerr asked and obtained a further leave of absence of ten days, and appointed Mr. S. S. Cox Speaker *pro tem.*—The silver bill was discussed in the Senate, on the 8th, without result.—Speaker Kerr was again prostrated by illness, on the 9th, but at last advices his condition was improved.

The fast train from New York to San Francisco reached the latter city without accident on Sunday, 4th inst., in less than eighty-four hours.

The Republicans of the District of Columbia, repudiating a convention held in March last to elect two delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, met on the 7th, and elected Ex-Governor Shepherd and Frederick Douglass.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is officially announced that the ex-Sultan of Turkey, Abdul-Aziz, committed suicide on Sunday morning, the 4th inst., in the Tcheragau Palace, by cutting the arteries of the left arm and the veins of the right with a pair of scissors. He was buried in the evening of the same day, in the tomb of Mahmoud II. It is reported that the ex-Sultan's eldest son has also committed suicide.

The bill suppressing the fueros has been introduced in the Spanish Senate. It provides that all Spaniards shall be liable to military conscription and taxation alike, with these exceptions: those in the Basque Provinces who supported King Alfonso during the late war are exempted from conscription for ten years, and those who suffered persecution for the Alfonsist cause are exempted from payment of taxes for the same term. The Minister of War, on the 7th, read a bill fixing the strength of the permanent army at 100,000 men.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* vouches for the correctness of the following dispatch: "The Grand Vizier has issued a letter declaring, 'The Porte accords full amnesty to all insurgents who will offer their submission. To give them time to do this, the Sultan grants a six weeks' armistice, subject to movements necessary to maintain the concentration of troops and the revictualing of Nicsic.'"

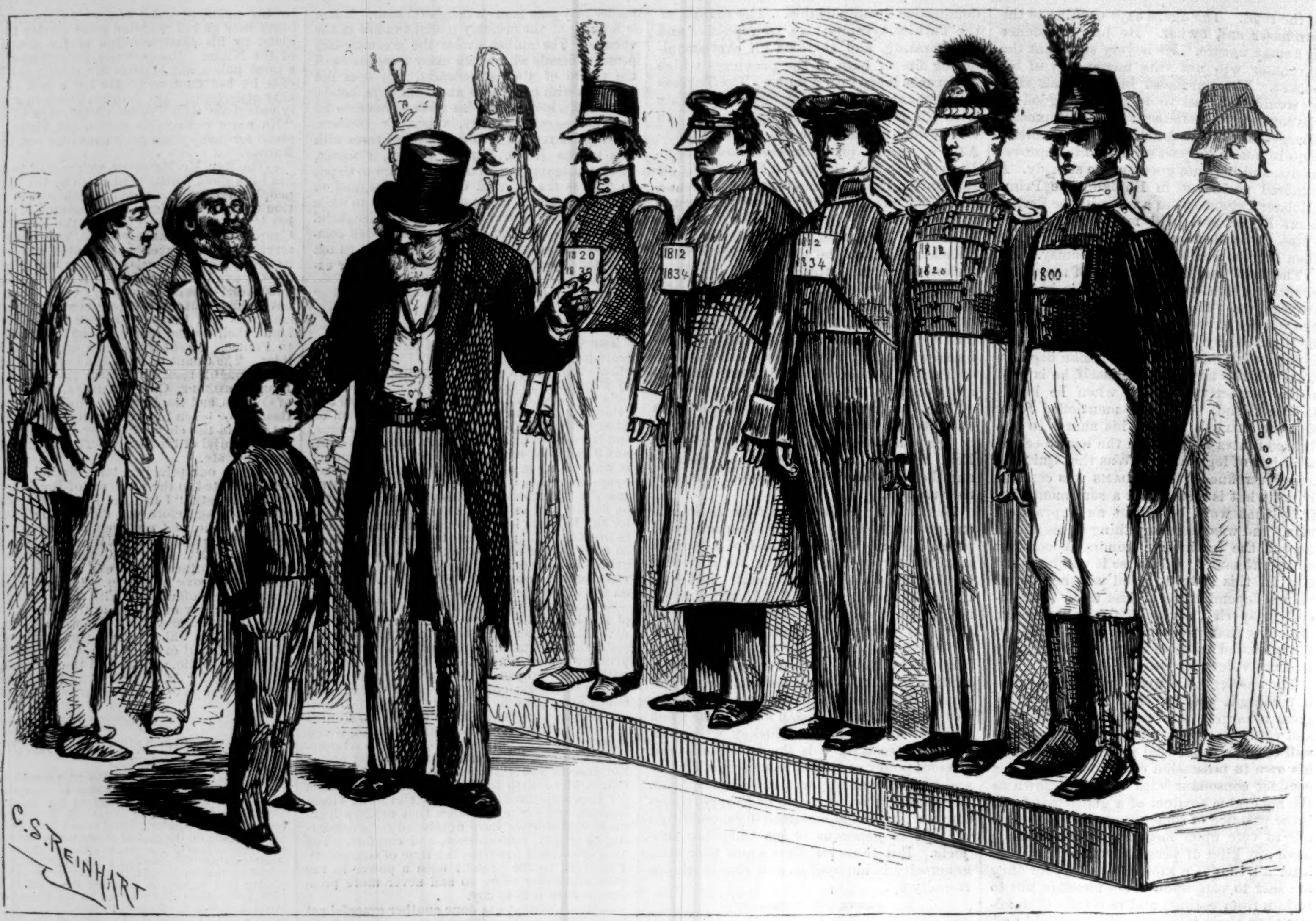
The Mexican rebellion is reported to be dying out. A great victory was gained, on the 29th ult., by the government forces over the rebels. The latter lost nearly 2000 men killed and wounded, and many were taken prisoners.

A gang of Fenian convicts are said to have been rescued from Western Australia by an American whaler.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on the 7th, passed the University Education Bill, giving the state the exclusive right to confer degrees. The final vote was 388 to 128.

A telegram from Belgrade announces that the Servian government has declared that it will follow the recommendation of Russia not to enter into hostilities against Turkey. The memorandum of the Berlin Conference will not be presented to the Porte, as satisfaction for the Salonica outrage has been obtained, armistice to the insurgents has been granted, and guarantees for reforms are expected to be accorded spontaneously.

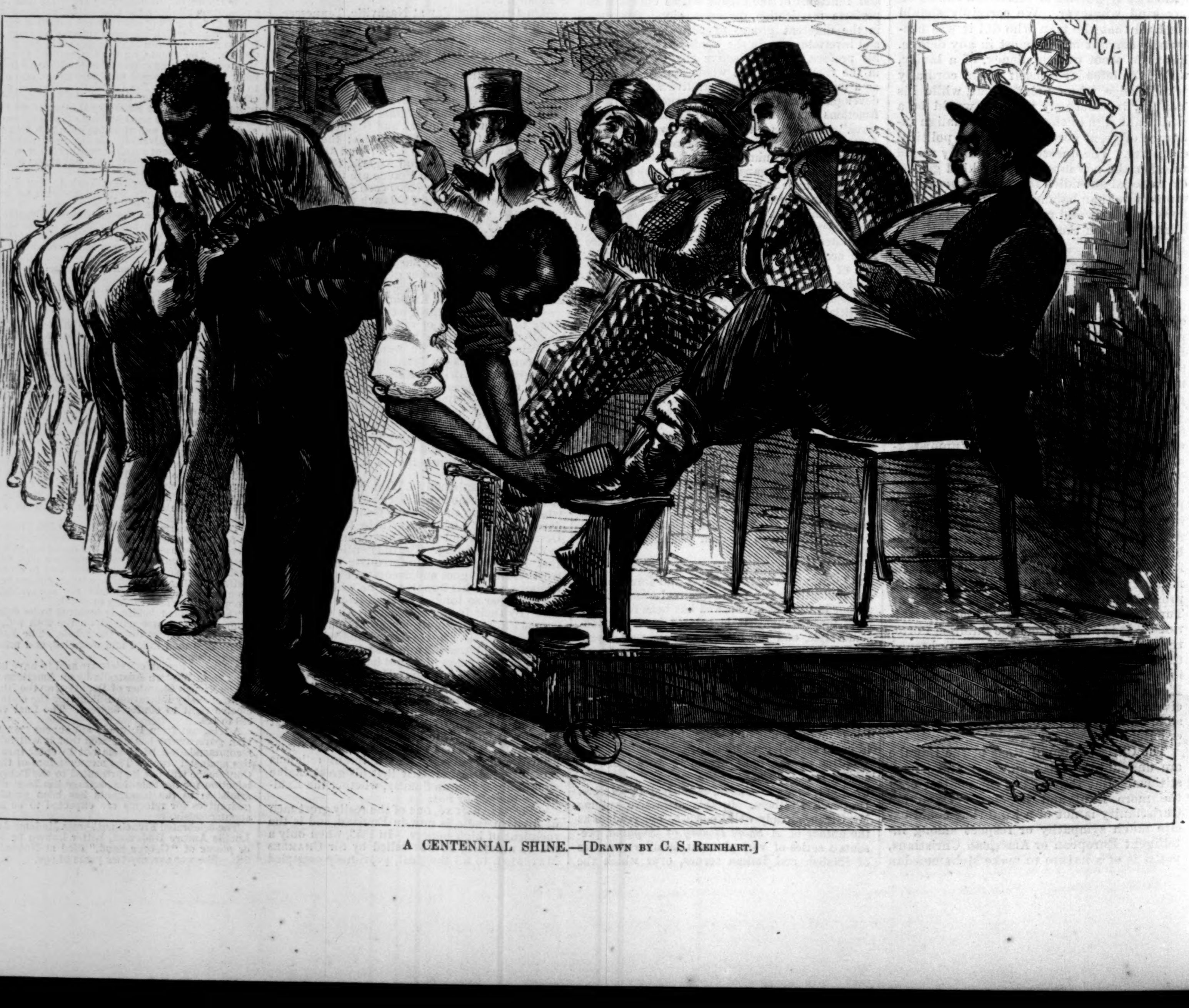
The celebrated French authoress Madame Amantine Lucille Aurore Dudevant, better known by her *nom de plume* of "George Sand," died at Nohant on the 8th. She was seventy-two years of age.



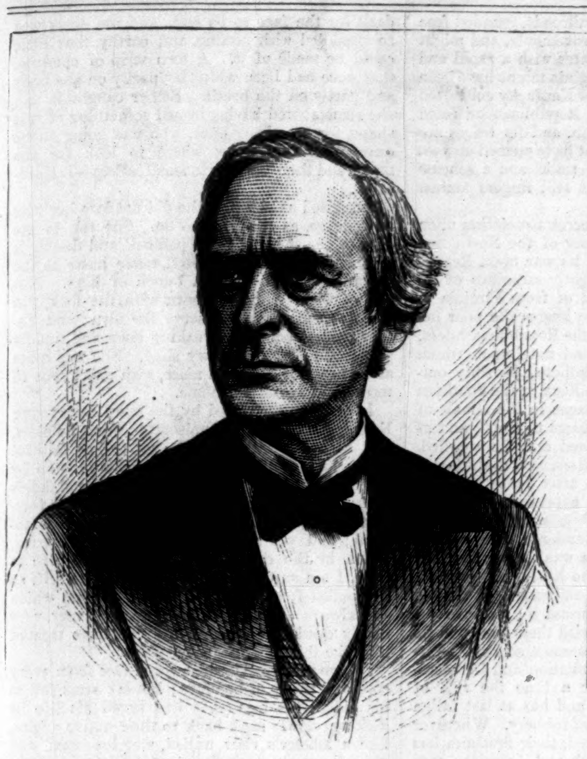
THE CENTENNIAL—COSTUMES OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY SINCE 1800.—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

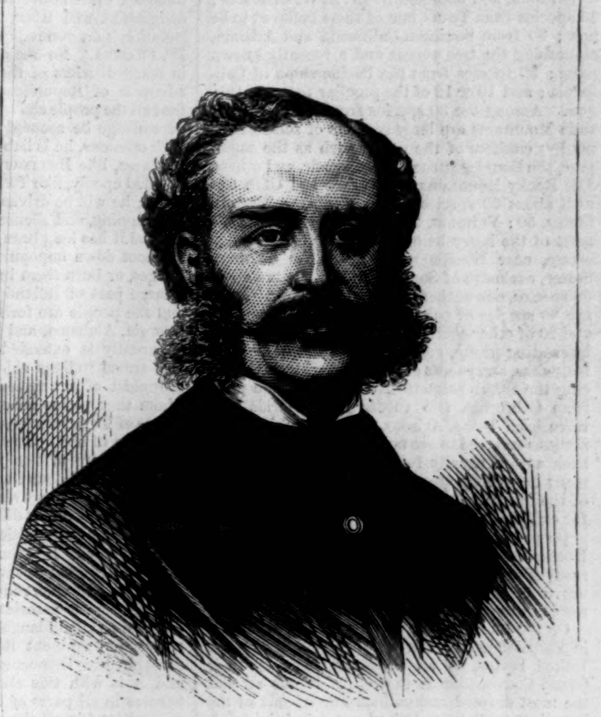
As the weather grows settled and fine, and the exhibitors gradually get their various displays into better order, the number of sight-seers in the Centennial grounds and buildings shows a very steady increase, and the gratifying fact is already established that the great Exposition will be in every sense a success, and a credit to the country. It was an enormous and cumbrous machine to set in motion, and we can not wonder that at first it failed to work as smoothly as the big Corliss engine. But now every thing appears to be getting into excellent running order, and the crowd of complainants and grumblers becomes smaller and smaller every day. Of course no one can expect to visit so large an exhibition without meeting with some annoyances. There are still some things wanting which ought to be at once supplied. Guide-boards should be set up on all the paths, and especially where paths diverge, in order that visitors may not lose time and patience in making inquiries of other visitors, just as ill informed as



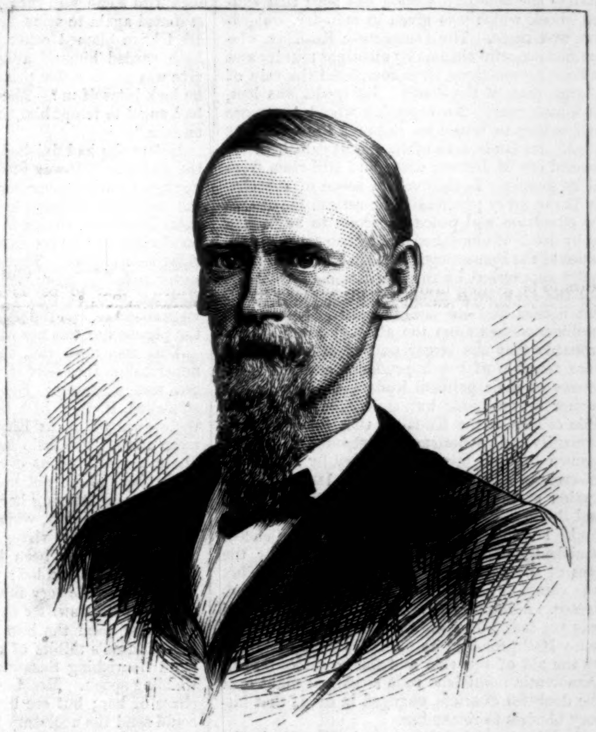
A CENTENNIAL SHINE.—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]



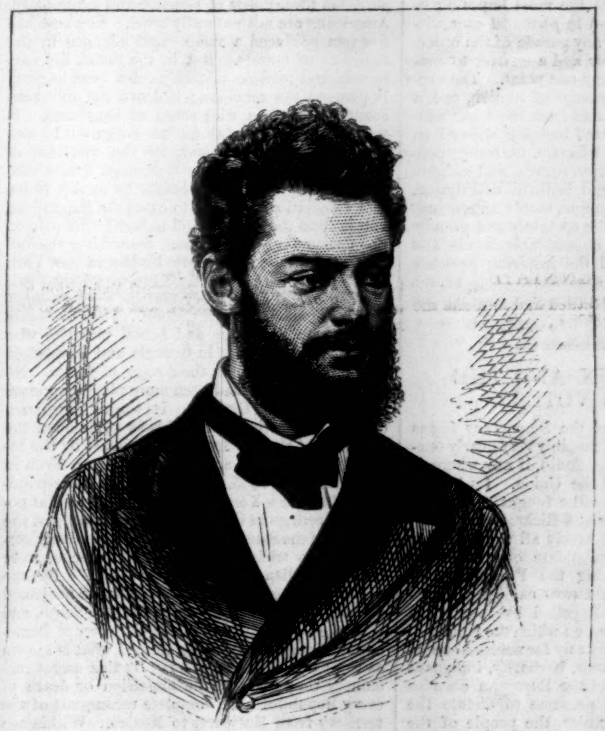
GEORGE H. CORLISS.—[Photographed by Gutekunst.]



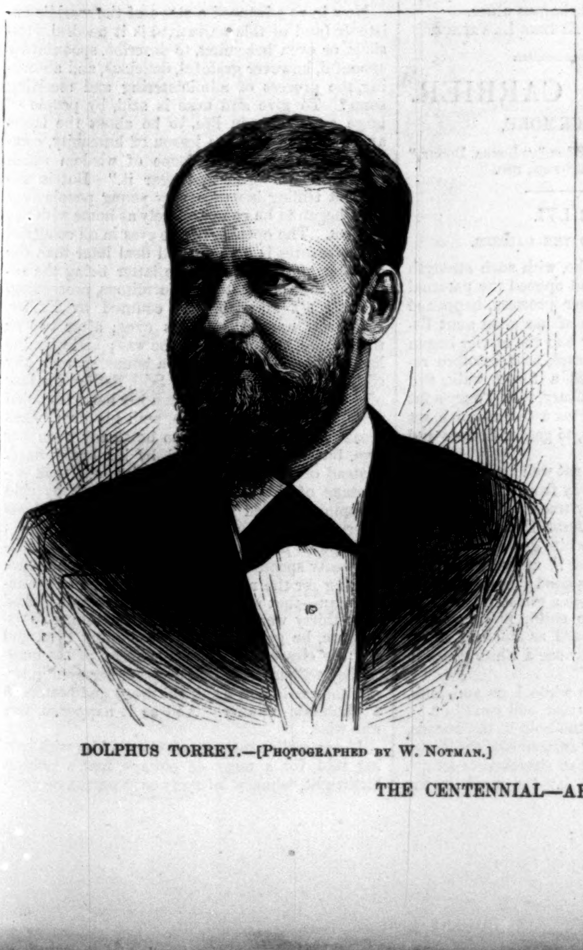
HENRY PETTIT.—[Photographed by Fritz Luckhardt.]



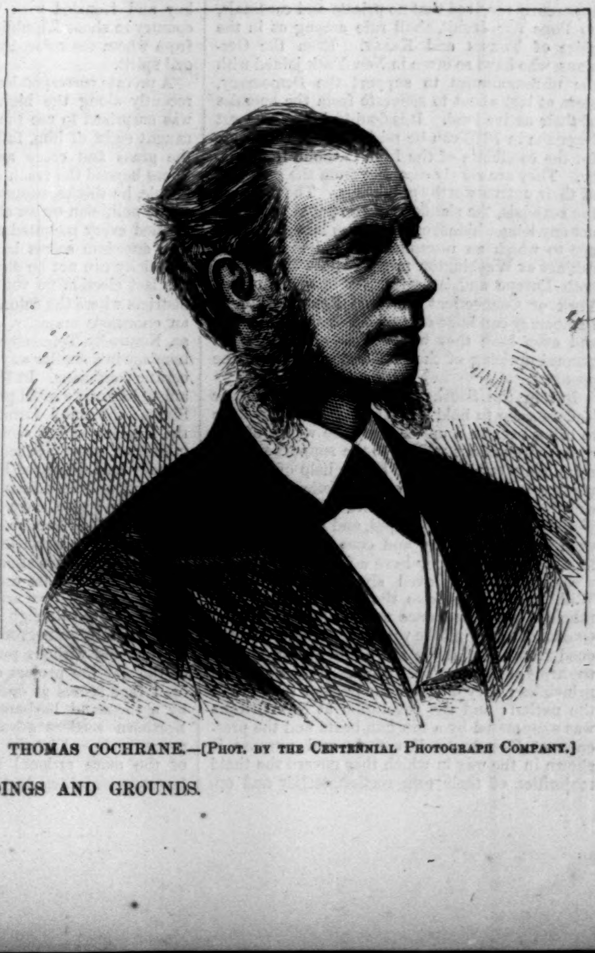
COLONEL JOHN S. ALBERT.—[Photographed by Broadhead & Phillips.]



H. J. SCHWARZMANN.—[Photographed by Wenderoth & Co.]



DOLPHUS TORREY.—[Photographed by W. Notman.]



THOMAS COCHRANE.—[Phot. by the Centennial Photograph Company.]

THE CENTENNIAL—ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS OF THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

themselves, or of policemen, whose invariable and exasperating answer is, "I don't know." This, by-the-way, is a matter that needs correction at once. The Centennial police ought to be well drilled in Centennial ground topography. The men are polite enough, but that is small comfort to those who inquire the way to this or that building, or ask for other information which comes within the province of a policeman. And here let us give a word of advice to visitors. Before entering the grounds let them provide themselves with a good map and with a plan of the buildings. By the aid of such a map as the one published in *Harper's Weekly* for May 27, on which are laid down all the roads, avenues, paths, and buildings with clearness and entire accuracy, one can find his way through the grounds without any difficulty, and with entire independence of guides and policemen. In this way a great deal of annoyance and delay may be avoided.

The upper illustration on page 508 was drawn by our artist from a curious collection in the United States Building, showing the changes that have taken place in our army costumes since the beginning of this century. Military uniforms are not, as a rule, so gorgeous nowadays as they were before war became a matter of science and engineering, and show and display were sacrificed to utility. The modern soldier is by no means the gorgeous creature that made the parade-grounds of a hundred years ago so brilliant. He has become a machine, and is dressed for work instead of show.

The sketch entitled "A Centennial Shine" will appeal to the feelings of every one who has tramped for an hour or two over the avenues and paths of the Exhibition grounds. The composition pavements turn out to be a mistake. A Philadelphia contemporary admits that they "show the effects of the sun's ardent glare soon after the hour for opening the gates. The walks show spots that, like the celebrated blood stains upon Lady Macbeth's hand, persistently appear, in spite of all efforts to clean them. Loose sand shoveled upon them only covers them for a while, and then they come up again and again." They seem to have been constructed solely in the interest of bootblacks. The walks in the shady portions of the grounds are not open to this objection, and consequently they are thronged all day, especially with ladies and children, who appear to enjoy the refreshing coolness of these shaded walks quite as much as the display within the buildings.

Our readers will be interested in our portraits of some of the architects and engineers of the Centennial buildings and grounds, to whose intelligent industry, enterprise, and power of executive administration the success of the Exhibition is largely due. Mr. George H. Corliss, as our readers know, contributed the monster steam-engine which supplies motive power to the acres of machinery in the great hall of which it is one of the principal wonders and attractions. Mr. Henry Pettit, engineer, and architect of the Main Building and Machinery Hall, as head of the Bureau of Installation, had an arduous and complicated task to perform. He had charge of the arrangement of foreign exhibits in the Main Building and the distribution of space to American exhibitors. All applications for space passed under the supervision of the bureau of which he is the chief, and the awards were made with a judgment which has elicited universal commendation. Colonel John S. Albert superintended the arrangement of the Government display in the United States Building with an efficiency and quiet military precision which won the admiration of all. Every thing under his direction moved with the regularity of clock-work. Mr. Dolphus Torrey, as chief of the Bureau of Transportation, won for himself the praise of all exhibitors. The foreign Commissioners especially commended the admirable manner in which all the details of his department were carried out, more work having been done in a given time under his efficient supervision than at any previous International Exhibition. Mr. H. J. Schwarzmann, as architect of Horticultural Hall, Memorial Hall, the Women's Pavilion, the Judges' Hall, and other structures within the Centennial grounds, has acquitted himself with great credit. It is the universal testimony of foreign visitors as well as of traveled Americans that no former Exhibition could compare with ours in the splendor and variety of its buildings. Mr. Thomas Cochrane, chairman of the Committee of Grounds, Plans, and Buildings, had the advantage of years of experience in municipal positions under the city government of Philadelphia. His rare executive ability and statistical knowledge, together with his courteous manner, made him the right man for the place for which he was selected. He has labored incessantly for the advancement of the work on both grounds and buildings, and the public is indebted to his intelligent foresight for many convenient arrangements which facilitate the work of "doing" the Exhibition as quickly and with as little fatigue as possible.

One of the most interesting features of the Government exhibition at the Centennial is the collection of sections of forest trees displayed by the Agricultural Department, made under the direction of Dr. George Vasey, botanist of the department. This collection, which is shown in our illustration on page 517, includes nearly 400 species and varieties of native North American trees, gathered directly for this occasion by twelve collectors in various parts of the Union. They embrace 50 species of sub-tropical trees of Southern Florida, including 5 that are new to our flora, and obtained by Dr. A. W. Chapman; 25 species from Texas, one of them believed to be new; 30 from Southern California and Arizona, embracing the tree yuccas and a recently known palm; 50 species from the Pacific slope of California; and 10 or 12 of the peculiar forms of Oregon. Among the 30 species from the Sierra Nevada Mountains are large sections of some of the noblest conifers of the world, such as the sugar-pine, the Douglas spruce, the silver-fir, and others. The Rocky Mountains in Colorado and Utah furnish about 30 species; Illinois and the Western States, 50; Vermont, 20; and Virginia about 50, most of the latter being from the Mount Vernon estate, near Washington. From the Southern States, exclusive of South Florida, there are about 90 species, one of them believed to be new. There are 30 species of oaks, 30 of pines, 16 of spruce, and 20 of other conifers. There is one extremely interesting group, consisting of the tree palmettos, palms, and yuccas of the United States, embracing the Sabal palmetto from Florida, one palm from California, two yuccas from Florida, and three from Texas, Arizona, and California. The sections referred to are not mere hand specimens, such as are usually found in collections, but in many cases they are two or three feet long, and of the full trunk whenever this was not too large for exhibition.

On page 516 will be found an exterior view of Horticultural Hall, of which building we have already given several interior sketches. It continues to be one of the most attractive places of resort in the grounds.

On the 1st inst. there was a magnificent display in Philadelphia by the Knights Templar of the United States, as an accompaniment of their Grand Convocation in that city. It was all that the most devoted and enthusiastic friends of the Templars could have desired. A fair, bright day, with an atmosphere as genial as that of Italy, contributed to the pleasure and *éclat* of the occasion. The column proved to be the most imposing in numbers, in brilliancy, and in *personnel* ever witnessed in this country in any parade of the order. It took more than an hour and a quarter to enable the column to pass any one point. The evolutions were the very poetry of motion, and a glance along Chestnut Street from the upper windows of any fairly situated building showed an endless line of waving banners, fluttering pennons, white plumes, baldrics, regalia, and insignia of the most beautiful and brilliant description. Added to all this was the fine, manly appearance of the men themselves, the sprightly and grandly executed music of the innumerable bands and fife-and-drum corps, and the inspiring presence of great multitudes of spectators. Our sketch on page 512 shows the procession passing the Masonic Temple.

THE KU-KLUX AND THE COLORED VOTERS.

The Southern wing of the Democracy forms more than one-third, and possibly very nearly one-half, its strength. In the South, if any where, it must win the control of the Union. Its battles with Republicanism are to be fought over again at Vicksburg and Mobile and Richmond. Without the solid support of nearly all the Southern States no Democratic candidate can have any rational hope of reaching the Presidency, no Congress or Senate would ever exhibit a Democratic preponderance. Repelled by that papal and Irish Catholic element on which the Northern Democratic leaders chiefly rely for success, shocked at its frauds, ignorance, barbarity, indignant that a foreign priest and the European enemies of the republic should presume to dictate the course of American politics, the people of the North and West will in 1876 present an almost unbroken array in opposition to the candidate of the Roman Catholic faction. Protestantism is apparently resolved that no priests and cardinals, no Pope nor Jesuit, shall rule among us in the guise of Tilden and Kelly. Even the Germans, who have so often in New York joined with the ultramontanes to support the Democracy, seem at last about to separate from the enemies of their native land. It is doubtful if any honest Germans in 1876 can be misled so far as to vote for the candidate of the Irish Catholic Democracy. They are slowly escaping from the guidance of their untrustworthy politicians. The clamors, the scandals, the slanders, of the papal press can not any longer hide from them the imminent danger to which an ultramontane and Confederate cabinet at Washington might expose freedom in both Europe and America. It is only in New York or Connecticut that the Roman Catholic Democracy can hope for any success at the North, and even here they will probably be met by a general uprising of the non-sectarian part of the people.

But in the Southern States the Democratic leaders seem to hold a rigid control. They hope to bring over in a united body the whole of the recently rebellious section to the support of some reactionary candidate, and by the help of a fraudulent vote in New York or Connecticut, to win a sufficient majority. They have reduced to subjection Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida. They even hope to overawe and conquer South Carolina. The tactics they have adopted through all the South have proved singularly successful. Within ten years from the suppression of the rebellion the rebels once more hold the political control of nearly all the vast territory that was rescued from them at the fall of Richmond and by the arms of Grant. They profess, it is true, Union principles; they obey for the present the laws of the nation; and the revolution at New Orleans was suppressed by a few gun-boats and the presence of Sheridan. But their real purpose is shown in the way in which they govern the timid majorities of their own section, terrify and oppress white Republicans, torture, massacre, intimidate, the colored voters, drive away capital, emigration, and labor, and preserve a kind of isolation that reminds one of the despotism of Dr. Francia. No one can live safely and at ease in many districts of the South who is an ardent advocate of Republican principles, who insists that all the people shall be educated, and the right of suffrage be secured to all. Should he avow such opinions, he is liable to be shot at from lonely places, like Billings and Ivey in Alabama, or assailed openly, like Twitchell and King in Louisiana; he will be driven from his farm by threats of whipping, and silenced by a rule of terror. In Ireland it has long been the custom of the natives to shoot down unpopular landlords from behind hedges, or burn them in their houses. But over a large part of Ireland a state of siege extends, and the people are forbidden to carry arms. In Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi no protection apparently is extended to the peaceful citizen. The armed ruffians ride over the country, and in the midst of a terrified community strike down whom they please in open day. The recent instance of Twitchell and King shows the disturbed condition of the Coushatta District of Louisiana. The massacre of two years ago is not enough, and two conspicuous Republicans, while crossing a river in a boat, where shot by an unknown person, who escaped without difficulty. He fired his musket until his ammunition was exhausted, and no one interfered. He even shot twice at a negro who kindly attempted to save one of his victims from drowning. He then rode away, probably to assure his Democratic associates of his success, and to boast, with ribald laughter, of the slaughter of an active and eminent Republican. Such are the most effective Democratic politicians at the South, and it is with this class of brutal, uncultivated natures in all parts of the Union that the people will contend in all the elections of 1876.

Even in the Southern States it can not be supposed that any more than a small minority is employed in these deeds of violence and inhumanity. Americans are not naturally cruel. Nowhere has freedom produced a more rapid advance in the elements of morals. But in the South the barbarous and terrible minority rules over society. It planned the rebellion; it drove the reluctant community into a wild reign of bloodshed. It was nearly successful in its designs. It was crushed, for the moment, by the victories of Grant. Then once more it planned a new subjugation of the Southern States by means of secret associations pledged to drive the Republican voters from the country and to terrify the colored population into submission. Soon after the fall of Richmond the Democratic leaders in New York boasted openly that the Ku-Klux would soon rule the South, and Democracy find its chief strength in the regions of reconstruction. They evidently relied upon the fierce and brutal minority who had so long governed in Georgia and Mississippi to establish once more their reign of terror. No State, before 1860, had been more plainly opposed to secession than Georgia. Its working-men, mechanics, and artisans had always contemned the agitators of South Carolina, were ruled by the instincts of humanity and common-sense. Even in the summer of 1865, according to the correspondence of the New York *Times*, it was asserted at political meetings in Georgia "that a majority of the citizens of the State were strongly opposed to secession, but by trickery and fraud and violence were beguiled or dispossessed of their rights." But the desperate minority had now once more projected the subjugation of Georgia and all the South, and with the apparent sanction of the corrupt Democratic leaders of the North, formed what is known as the Ku-Klux Association. By this secret machinery they planned the expulsion or death of every Republican, the complete reconquest of the territory from Maryland to Mexico. Within ten years they have almost gained their object. The governing class in nearly all the Southern States is the wild and savage men, maddened with whiskey and frenzied with vice, who ride over the country to shoot Republicans like partridges, and from whom the colored voters hide as if from an evil spirit.

A private correspondent relates that as he rode recently along the highways of Mississippi, he was surprised to see the negroes, whenever they caught sight of him, fall down on their faces in the grass and creep away on their hands and knees beyond the reach of a rifle-shot. The poor people, he thinks, supposed that he was a Democratic politician on an electioneering tour. They fancied every mounted man a political assassin. The anecdote seems hardly credible, yet its authenticity can not be doubted. In Mississippi at the last election no voting was allowed in many districts where the colored Republicans possessed an enormous majority. Georgia, Alabama, Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee, have long been held in bondage in a similar way by savage troops of Democratic politicians. In 1865, '66, and '67 Republicanism had made rapid progress in all the Southern States; the small farmers, mechanics, and even the laboring whites seemed anxious to invite immigration, plant free schools, and cultivate a land already half desolated by slavery. The rebellion had always been odious to this class of the white population; they seem in 1865 to have won the control of their section. But the Ku-Klux began now its silent atrocities. Hundreds of the colored people, we are assured, were murdered daily. "These unfortunate creatures are being hunted down like dogs," we are told as early as August, 1865; and the Raleigh *Progress* relates that even in North Carolina negroes were killed without provocation and without punishment. At the close of the war the project of exterminating the colored race seems at once to have been disclosed by a thousand barbarous deeds. Yet still the Northern settlers advanced into the disturbed country, allured by the promises and the hopes of the more rational part of the population, bought plantations in Georgia and Alabama, invested money in Southern railroads, founded free schools, projected vast improvements, and might have filled the Southern States with a rapid and lasting progress. Even Virginia might have been roused from its lethargy, and Kentucky cultivated into humanity and peace. Republicanism ruled for a few years at the South, and its traces are seen in lines of railways that have opened up vast districts to agriculture and trade, and a scheme of universal education that still lingers amidst the barbarous reaction.

For almost at once the secret association upon which the corrupt Democracy of the North had so confidently relied began its war upon Republican progress, and the nightly atrocities of its masked ruffians were heard of from Virginia to the Rio Grande. It was no longer the poor negroes, but the white settler, the Republican voters, and every man of mark and note, upon whom these bands of assassins inflicted horrible outrages. The story of the Ku-Klux in the Southern States is one of those passages in the annals of men on which memory refuses to dwell, and of which the dark outline need only be recalled. But its political effect was disastrous to the South beyond conception. State after State fell into the hands of robbers and assassins. The railroads were stopped, their bonds repudiated, the foreign capitalists were plundered, honesty was banished forever. Georgia was among the first to submit to the rule of the Ku-Klux. It repudiated its debt; it kept its railroads. It robbed the capitalists who had trusted it; it drove out Republicans who had invested their money in its wasted soil; it closed its common schools. Virginia soon followed in repudiation and Democracy. Alabama resisted for a time the rule of bloodshed and dishonesty, and has at last fallen amidst a disgraceful scene of robbery. Wherever the Ku-Klux have succeeded, their first aim has been to defraud the English and American capitalists who had trusted in the honor of a State and the wealth of the nation. But still more fatal to the Southern section has been that sudden check which was given to industry, emigration, and trade. The Democratic Ku-Klux, who terrified peaceful citizens by midnight murder and endless persecutions, soon completed the ruin of a large part of the South. Its credit was lost, its honor gone. No capitalist would any more lend money to repair its railways or rebuild its cities. Its lands were often almost valueless. A general cry of distress arose and still rises from all its people. Louisiana is a scene of anarchy. In Texas every progressive or reform movement for education and peace is certain to be broken up by deeds of bloodshed and by the savage emissaries of the Democracy. The Ku-Klux were nominally suppressed by the legislation of 1870–72. But the same cruel minority still pursued its silent action, and Republican cultivation, capital, intelligence, fled from the afflicted South. It is probable that the larger part of its population were sensible of the imprudence and the wickedness of their political leaders, that no honest farmer or mechanic but shuddered at the horrible crimes of the Ku-Klux, that every man of humanity and patriotism was ashamed of the evil renown brought upon his country by a band of miscreants and robbers. Yet in 1869–70 moderation at the South was crushed by the fierce and the vindictive. Humanity perished from the land. The chief Republican leaders were silenced, banished, or sometimes assassinated under the eyes of the nation. The victory of the Ku-Klux was complete in Georgia, Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee. Alabama was still in doubt. Mississippi was yet free. But the Democratic club at Tammany Hall promised its followers a final triumph by the aid of the rifle and the bowie-knife, and Democratic politicians rode swiftly at night over the doubtful districts, engaged in deeds that history blushes to remember.

And Democratic politicians in New York, the Seymours, the Tweeds, and the Tildens, knew of these horrible orgies, and prepared to profit by the successes of their barbarous allies.

Eugene Lawrence.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LVI.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO THE CARRIER.

Now that little maid who, with such strength alike of mind and body, had opened the paternal gate, and then bewailed her prowess, happened to be the especial favorite of her good aunt Esther. Therefore no sooner had the carrier begun his eventful homeward course, as heretofore related, than Etty, who loved a forest walk, and felt rather dull without Zachary, took Peggy's fat red hand, and, after a good tea with Susannah, set forth for an evening stroll, to gather flowers and hear the birds sing.

Almost before they had got well into the wooded places, Peggy shrank away from a black wooden shed partly overhung by trees.

"Peggy not go there, Aunt Etty," she said; "goose in there—a great white goose!"

"A ghost, you little goose?" answered Esther, laughing, for still there was good sunset. "Come and show me; I want to see a ghost."

"No, no, no!" cried the child, pulling backward, and struggling as hard as she had struggled with the gate; "Peggy see a white goose in a black hole there all day."

"Then, Peggy, stop here while I go and look. You won't be afraid to do that, will you?"

Running bravely up to the hole in the boards, Esther saw, to her great amazement, the form, perhaps the corpse, of a man stretched at length on the ground inside. It lay too much in the dark for the face to be seen, and the dress was so swaddled with netting, and earthy, that little could be made of it. A torn strip of cambric, that once had been white, lay partly on the body and partly on the board. Esther caught it up; she remembered having ironed something of this shape for somebody once, who was going to be examined. She knew where to look for the mark, and there she saw in small letters—T. Hardenow.

Surprised as she was, she did not lose her wits or courage, as she used to do. She ran to the door of the shed, tried the padlock, and finding it fastened (as she had feared), made haste to the grain-house, and seized a bunch of keys. Not one of them truly was born with the lock, but one was soon found to serve the turn; and Esther pushed back the creaking door, and timidly gazed round the shadowy shed. She was quite alone now, for her little niece, with short sobs of terror, had set off for home.

In the light admitted by the open door young Esther descried a poor miserable thing, helpless, still as a log, and senseless, yet to her faithful heart the idol of all adoration. Gently, step by step, she stole to the prostrate form, and knelt down softly, and reverently touched it. She feared to seem to take advantage of a helpless moment; and yet a keen joy, mixed with terror, shone in the eagerness of her eyes. "He is alive, I am sure of that," she said to herself, as she pulled forth a pair of strong scissors which she always carried; "he is alive, but very, very nearly dead. What wretches can have treated him like this?"

In two minutes Hardenow was free from every cord and thong of bondage; his lax arms fell at his sides; his legs (that had saved his life by kicking) slowly sank back to their native angles, like a lobster's claw untied, and his small and dismally empty stomach quivered almost invisibly.

"Oh, he is starving, or downright starved!" cried Esther, watching his white lips, which trembled with some glad memory of suction, and then stiffened again to some Anglican dream. "After all, I have blamed other folk quite amiss. He hath corded himself away from his victuals to give way to his noble principles. But how could he lock himself in? The Lord must have sent a bad angel to tempt him, and then to turn the key on him."

Before she had finished this reasoning process, the girl was half-way toward the cot of Tickuss, her heart outweighing her mind, according to all the feminine proportions. She ran in swiftly upon Susannah, sitting in the dusky kitchen and pondering over a very slow fire the cookery of the children's supper. These good young children never failed to go to see the pigs fed, and there they all were at this present moment, with no victuals come, and the pigs all squeaking, because the pig-master was not at home.

This was most sad, and the children felt it; nevertheless they bore it, knowing that their own pot was warming. But they too might have squeaked, if they had only known that out of their own pot Aunt Etty was stealing half the meat and all the little cobs of jelly. It was as fine a pot of stuff as ever Susannah Cripps had made, for she did not hold at all with fattening the pigs and starving her own children; and she argued most justly, while Esther all the while was ladling all the virtue out.

Etty had never been known to do any thing violent or high-handed; yet now, without entering into even the very shortest train of reasoning, away she went swifter than any train, bearing in her right hand the best dresser jug (filled with the children's tidbits of nurture), and in her left hand flourishing Susannah's own darling silver wedding spoon. Mrs. Leviticus longed to rush in chase of her; but ere her slowly startled nerves could send the necessary tingle to her ruminating knees, the girl was out of sight, and for her vestige lingered naught but a very provoking smell of soup.

Now in so advanced a stage of the world's existence (and of this narrative) is it needful, judicious, or even becoming, to describe, spoonful by spoonful, however grateful, delicious, and absorbing, the process of administering and receiving soup? To give and take is said, by people of large experience in life, to be about the latest and most consummate lesson of humanity, coming even after that extreme of wisdom which teaches us to "grin and bear it." But in the present trifling instance very young people very soon began to be comparatively at home with the subject. The opening of the eyes in all countries and creatures is done a good deal later than the opening of the mouth; the latter being the essential, the former quite a fortuitous, proceeding.

After six spoonfuls, as counted by Esther, Hardenow opened both his eyes; after two or three more, he knew where he was; and when he had swallowed a dozen and a bonus, scarcely any of his wits were wanting. Still, Esther, for fear of a relapse, went on; though her hand trembled dreadfully when he sat up, with his poor bones creaking sadly, and tried to be steady upon her arm, but was overbalanced by his heavy head. Instead of shrieking or screaming, she took advantage of this opportunity, and his bony chin dropping afforded the finest opening toward his interior.

To put it briefly, he quite came round, and after twenty spoonfuls vowed—with the conscience rushing for the moment into the arms of the inner man—that never would he fast again. And after thirty were absorbed and beginning to assimilate, he gazed at Esther's smiling eyes, and saw the clearest and truest solution of the question of celibacy. Esther dropped her eyes in terror, and made him drink the dregs and bottom in a wholesale manner. And as it happened, this was wise.

If any malignant persons charge him with having sold, for a mess of pottage, man's noblest birthright, celibacy, let every such person be corded up, at the longest possible date after breakfast and the shortest before dinner—or rather, alas! before dinner-time—let him stay corded, and rolling about in a hog-house (as long as roll he can, which near would approach Mr. Hardenow's cycle); let him throughout this whole period, instead of eating, expect to be eaten; then, with a wolf in his stomach (if he has one), let him lose his wits (if he has any), and then let a lovely girl come and free him, and feed him, and cry over him, and regard him—with his clothes at their very worst, and cakes of dirt about his mouth—as the imperial Jove in some Dictæan cavern dormant; and then, as the light and the life flow back, and the power of his heart awakes, let there manifestly accrue thereto a better, gentler, and sweeter heart, timid even of its own pulse, and ashamed of its own veracity—and then if he takes all this unmoved, why, let him be corded up again, and nobody come to deliver him.

Esther only smiled and wept at her patient's ardent words and impassioned gratitude. She knew that between them was a great gulf fixed, and that the leap across it seldom has a happy landing; and when poor Hardenow fell back, in the weak reaction of a heart more fit for pain than passion, she knelt at his side, and nursed and cheered him, less with the air of a courted maiden than of a careful handmaid. In the end, however, this feeling (like most of those which are adverse to our wishes) was prevailed upon to subside, and Esther, although of the least revolutionary and longest established stock in England—that of the genuine Crippses, whose name, originally no doubt "Chrysippus," indicates the possession of a golden horse—Etty Cripps, finding that the heart of her adored one had, in Splinters's opinion, a perilous fissure, requiring a change of climate, consented at last (having no house of her own) to come down from the tilt and go to Africa.

For Hardenow, as he grew older and able to regard mankind more largely, came out from many of the narrow ways, which (like the lanes of Beckley) satisfy their final cause by leading into one another. With the growth of his learning his candor grew, and he strove to bind others by his own strap and buckle, as little as he offered to be bound by theirs. Therefore when two of his very best friends made a *bonâ fide* job of it, and being unable to think their thoughts out, got it done by deputy, and sank to infallible happiness, Thomas Hardenow pulled up, and set his heels into the ground of common-sense, like a horse at the brink of a quarry pit; and the field of reason, rich and gracious, opened its gates again to him.

Herein he cut no capers, as so many of the wilder spirits did, but made himself ready for some true work and solid advantage to his race. And so, before any University Mission, or plow and Bible enterprise, Hardenow set forth to open a track for commerce and civilization, and to fight the devil and slavery in the rich rude heart of Africa. Besides his extraordinary gift of tongues, he had many other qualifications—the wiriness of his legs and stomach, his quiet style of listening (so that even a "nigger" need not be snubbed), his magnificent freedom from humor (an element fatal to stern convictions), and last not least, as he said to Etty, for a clinching argument, his wife's acquaintance with the carrying trade.

Happy exile, how much better than home misery it is! But the house of Cripps sent forth another member into banishment, with little choice or chance of much felicity on his part. As there are woes more strong than tears, so are there crimes beyond the lash. When the doings of Leviticus were brought to light, and shown to be unsuccessful, a council of Crippses was held in his hog-house, and a stern decree was passed to expatriate him. Tickuss was offered his fair say, and did his very best to defend himself; but the case from the first was hopeless. If he had wronged any other parish than Beckley, or even any other as well, there might have been some escape for him. Cruelty, cowardice, treason high and low, perjury to his own elder brother, and eternal disgrace to his birth-place—there was not a word in the mouth of any one half bad enough to use to him. The carrier rose, and said all he could say, for the sake of the many children; but, weighty with piety as he was, he could not stem the many-fountained torrent of the Crippsic wrath. The pigs of Leviticus were divided among all the nephews and nieces and cousins (ere ever a creditor got a hock-rope or a flick-whip ready), and Tickuss himself, unhoused, unstyed, unlarded, and unsmocked, wandered forth with his business gone, like a Gadarene swine-herd void of swine.

For years and years the fine old hog farm was the haunt of rats and rabbits; never a grunt or squeak of porker (ringing or rung eloquently) shook the fringe of ivied shade, or jarred the acorn in its cup, until a third son arose and grew up to Zachary Cripps hereafter. All the neighborhood lay under a cloud of fear and sadness, because of what Luke Sharp had done, not to others, but himself. Luke Sharp, the greatest of all lawyers—so the affrighted woodman says—may and must, alas, be seen (at certain moments of the forest moon) rising on horseback from the black pool where his black life ended, gaining the shore with a silent bound, and galloping, with his arm held forth as straight as any sign-post, to the nook of dark lane where he smote his son; and then to the ruined hut, wherein he imprisoned the fair lady; and then to the rotting shed, in which he corded and starved the great Oxford scholar.

Whether, for the assertion of the law, Luke Sharp is allowed by some evil power thus to revisit the glimpses of the moon, or whether he lies in silent blackness, ignorant of evil, sure it is that no one cares to stay beyond the fall of dusk in that part of the forest. But as soon as the lawyer's wife and son, by virtue of the poplar mark, had found and quietly buried his disappointed corpse, they made the very best of a broken business as cheerfully as could be hoped for. Each of them sighed very heavily at times, especially when they were almost certain of hearing again, round the corner or down stairs, a masterful and very memorable tread. Therefore, with what speed they might, they let their fine old Cross-Duck House, and fleeing all low curiosity, unpleasant remark, and significant glance, took refuge under the quiet roof of Kit's Aunt Peggy, near High Wycombe, where he had hoped to lodge and woo his timid forest angel. Here Kit found tardy comfort, and recovered health quite rapidly by writing his own dirge in many admirable meters, till, being at length made laureate of a strictly local paper—at a salary of nil per annum, and some quarts of ale to stand—he began to swing his cloak and light his pipe in the style of better days.

From those whom his father had wronged so deeply he would accept no help whatever, much as they desired to show their sense of his good behavior. And when the second-best ambition of his life arrived by coach—that notable dog "Pablo"—if Christopher could have sniffed lightest scent of Beckley or Shotover in the black dogwinkles of his nostrils, the odds are ten to one that Oxford never would have sighed (as all through the October term she did) at the loss of her finest badgerer.

In spite of all this obstinacy, three people were resolved to make him come round and be comfortable, settled, and respectable. To this they brought him in the end, and made him give up fugitive pieces, sonnets, stanzas to a left-hand glove, and epitaphs on a cenotaph. The Squire and Russel and Grace could not compose their own snug happiness without making sure that Kit was doing something better than poetry. So they married him to a banker's daughter, and put him into the bank itself.

But why should Esther have had no house of her own, as darkly hinted above, so as to compel her almost to descend from tilt to tent? The reason is not far to seek, and he who runs may read it without running out of Beckley.

Cripps the carrier being past the middle milestone of man's life, and seeing every day more and more the gray hairs in his horse's tail, lowered his whip in a shady place, and let his reins go slackly, and pulled his crooked sixpence out, and could not see to read it. And yet the summer sun was bright in the top of the bushes over him.

"I vear a' must; I zee no way out of 'un," Zachary said to his lonely self. "Etty is as good as gone a'ready, and none else understandeth the frying-pan. The Lord knows how I have fought agin it, seeing all as I has seen. And better I might a' done, if I must come to it, many a time in the last ten year. Better at laste for the brown, white, and yellow; though the woman as brought might a' shattered 'em again. After all, Mary might be a deal worse; and her hath a proper respect for me, and forty puns to the bank—if her moother spaiketh raight of her; and the Squaire hath given me a new horse, to come on when Dobbin be too worn-out. Therefore his domestics hath first claim; though I'd soonder draive Dobbin than ten of 'un. What shall us do now? Whatever shall us do?"

Zachary Cripps pulled off his hat in a slow perspiration of suspense; for if he once made up his mind, there would be no way out of it. He looked at his horse with a sad misgiving, both on his own account and his. The marriage of the master might wrong the horse, and the horse might no more be the master's. Suddenly a bright idea struck him—a bar of sunshine through the shade.

"You shall zettle it, Dobbin," he cried, leaning over and stroking his mottled flank. "Never hath any man had a better horse. The will of the Lord takes the strength out of all of us; but He leaveth, and addeth to, the wisdom there. Dobbin, thou seest things as never men can tell of. Now if thou waggest thy tail to the right, I will; and so be to the left, I wun't. Mind what thou doest now. Call upon thy wisdom, nag, and give thy master honestly the sense of thy discretion."

With a settled mind, and no disturbance, he watched the delivery of Dobbin's tail. A fly settled on the white foam of the breeching on the off thigh of this ancient horse. Away went his tail with a sprightly flick at it, and Cripps accepted the result. The result was the satisfaction of Mary's long and faithful love for him, and the happy continuance in the quiet lanes of the loyal race and unpretentious course of Cripps, the carrier.

THE END.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE, 1876.

Saturday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday, 25.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 29.—St. Peter.

JULY.

Sunday, 2.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 9.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 16.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 23.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 25.—St. James.
Sunday, 30.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

The English papers speak in extravagant terms of the speech made by Emilio Castelar in the Lower House of the Spanish Cortes on the adoption of Article XI. of the new constitution. For two hours and a half the great audience were spell-bound by the eloquence of this consummate orator. His exposure of the Roman Catholic fear of Protestantism was very telling. "Are you afraid," he asked, "of a rival? Sirs, you do honor to Protestantism if you think it so true as to be able in a fair race to outrun Roman Catholicism. But if it be not true, this religion of the state—if it be not true, brother Deputies, what then? *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.* If the Roman Catholic creed be true, it will prevail by force of truth; if Protestantism be true, it will prevail, and you can not crush it. *If liberty of conscience be of God, you can not crush, if of man, you need not crush it.*"

This is the whole case of religious freedom in a nut-shell. It would be difficult to put it more neatly.

The Rev. Dr. William Stevens Perry, of Geneva, New York, secretary of the House of Deputies in the Protestant Episcopal General Convention, has been elected Bishop of Iowa. It is understood that he accepts.

The National Convention of Baptist Social Unions was opened in Philadelphia Tuesday, May 30. J. P. Townsend, of New York, was elected president. The time was spent chiefly in reading essays on practical church topics. On the question, "How to reach non-church-goers," the Rev. A. K. Potter maintained that they could not be drawn to the church and held in masses, and that the work must be largely individual. On the question, "How to conduct public worship," another essayist suggested that on Sunday there should be one sermon, one service for Bible study, and a third meeting for conference and prayer. The suggestion was received with favor. Dr. Hovey's Centennial sermon was rich in historical matter. The Convention closed with a festival in Musical Fund Hall.

The conviction of the importance of training laymen for Christian work has taken deep hold of the public mind. Dr. Talmage's experiment in Brooklyn is soon to be followed by the establishment of a lay college at Auburn, New York. The subject was brought to the attention of the faculty of the Theological Seminary in that beautiful town, and the result has been the appointment of a joint committee to bring the scheme before the Presbyteries of Central New York.

Lord Sandon's Compulsory Education Bill, just introduced into Parliament, is certain to excite a warm discussion. The Non-conformists fear that it will force children in the rural districts into the Church schools. The employers of child labor, especially mill and factory owners, see that its applications to them will be very important. If adopted, it will take effect the 1st of January next. It provides that no child under ten years of age shall be hired to labor, and no child over ten who can not show a certificate of a certain amount of proficiency (specified in the bill) in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Children over five years of age are required to go to school; any such found habitually wandering, or in the company of rogues, vagabonds, or reputed criminals, may, after warning given, be sent to school by a magistrate. The penalty for employing a child in violation of the act is a fine not exceeding forty shillings. In regard to all details the bill is very carefully drawn.

The death of another Protestant martyr in Mexico is recorded. Felix Martinez, a native, and judge of a local court in San Lorenzo, a village near the capital, became interested in the Bible, and interested his neighbors. The Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of the Presbyterian Mission, who so narrowly escaped murder in Acapulco, organized the inquirers into a church. Shortly after a mob broke into the house of Mr. Martinez at night, knocked him down with a club, and then shot him, his wife vainly trying to shield him from death. The murderers ended by hanging his body up in his own house. These outbreaks of bigotry reveal unmistakably the essential spirit of Romanism.

Among the flourishing churches of Brooklyn is Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler's, in Lafayette Avenue. On Sunday, June 4, it celebrated its historical jubilee. The pastor stated that in sixteen years 2700 members had been received; of this number, 1150 joined on a profession of faith; 4000 Sunday-school scholars and 2000 in the mission schools have been gathered together. The contributions of the congregation for all purposes have reached $540,000. At the close of Dr. Cuyler's commemorative sermon $10,000 to pay the church debt were raised in a few minutes.

A telegram from Zanzibar was read recently in the House of Commons, announcing that the Sultan had agreed to abolish all land slave routes, to seize all slave-dealing caravans, to confiscate the slaves, and to imprison all slave-dealers. The news is almost too good to be true. If such a pledge is carried out, it will effect a revolution in the condition of Central Africa.

We have noted in this Intelligence the inquiry made by the Jewish Conference held in Philadelphia into the attendance of Hebrew children in New York upon Christian Sunday-schools. The progressive Jews of this city have determined to hold Sunday meetings. These are not intended to supersede the usual Sabbath worship in the synagogues, but rather to furnish opportunity to discuss ethical or theistic topics. Religious worship will form no part of the exercises.

In the past century, from 1776 to 1876, the German Reformed Church has made the following progress: ministers, from 23 to 650; congregations, from 65 to 1350; members, from 13,000 to 145,000; communicants, from 8000 to 123,000; Sunday-schools, none to 75,000.

In making up their statistics for the year 1875, the Baptists of Virginia find that they have 27 associations, 1164 churches, 667 ministers, and 173,943 members. The net gain for the year was 4633.

On June 7 an election was to be held in Switzerland for an Old Catholic bishop, the Federal Council having sanctioned the establishment of a bishopric. The only candidate named was Professor Herzog, whose election was confidently anticipated. The church of Notre Dame, in Geneva, has finally come into the hands of the Old Catholics. Two *curés* have been installed as priests of the parish. The ceremony of installation was directed by a layman, a deputy of the Supreme Council. The sermon was preached by the Abbé Michaud, and was a strongly drawn contrast between Christ as the good Shepherd and the Pope. One of the *curés*, in his address to the people, said: "I mean to combat the doctrines of Rome."

In his address to the delegates of the Roman Catholic Central Society in Philadelphia, June 5, Dr. Weninger, of the Society of Jesus, drew a very pretty picture of the coming triumph of his Church in the United States. He said emphatically that American institutions do not conflict with Roman Catholic principles, but forgot to mention the Syllabus. These Catholic orators have a very easy way of evading facts and logic.

Mr. Samuel Sloan, president of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company, has sent a letter to the *Journal of Commerce* which is a novelty in railway literature. It is short and to the point, and is well worth reading for its strong avowal of adherence to principle:

> "New York, *May* 31, 1876.
>
> "The gauge of this company's railroad was altered on Saturday, not Sunday last, as stated in error in your journal of Monday morning. Please make the correction, as we believe in the observance (by rest from labor at least) of the Christian as well as the American Sabbath, and that railroad management should be exemplary in the proper obligations to the community."

The Kentucky Baptists have recently celebrated at Louisville the hundredth anniversary of the introduction of their faith and practice into the State. The feature of the occasion was a historical address, which reviewed the growth of the denomination during the century. It was determined to make special effort to endow the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

The great event of the ecclesiastical year in Scotland, the meeting of the Presbyterian Assemblies, opened May 18. In the Assembly of the State Kirk, the Earl of Galloway, as Lord High Commissioner, represented the crown. Proceeding in a state carriage and with a military escort to St. Giles's Cathedral, he inaugurated the sessions in due form. The Rev. Dr. Cook was elected Moderator. The number of Sunday-schools was reported to be 1827, with 165,471 scholars. The total revenue of the Church from all sources was stated to be £350,621; in 1875 it was £282,834. The Free Church Assembly met also on the 18th. Free Church Assembly Hall, the largest meeting-place in Edinburgh, was densely crowded at the opening session. Dr. Thomas M'Lauchlan was chosen Moderator. The foreign mission report was presented by Dr. Duff. He stated that £70,000 were received during the year for foreign missions. The position taken by the Assembly last year on the patronage and disestablishment questions was firmly maintained. A resolution was adopted by a large majority declaring "that nothing in recent legislation has altered the attitude of the state to the Church which led to disruption, that the Free Church would not be moved from the ground it had taken, and that a committee should be appointed to consider the expediency of issuing a popular statement of the Church's principles and position."

Simultaneously with these bodies the United Presbyterian Synod was held in Edinburgh. A few days after the 18th the Reformed Presbyterian Synod met, and expected during the session to consummate its union with the Free Church. A fitting conclusion to this Scotch Presbyterian intelligence is the announcement that Mr. Baird, the iron-master of Gartsherrie, proposes to give a second half million of pounds to the Churches of Scotland. The first gift went to the State Church exclusively; the second is to be devoted to the higher education of ministers in every branch of Scotch Presbyterianism.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The most bashful girl we ever knew was one who blushed when asked if she had not been courting sleep.

It is common to hear of a "club with home comforts." Would not a home with club comforts be an equally good idea?

An Essex farmer is obliged to chalk his nose every time he takes a walk round the farm, to save himself from an old bull which has a strong antipathy to red.

Only a Poet.—Mr. Tennyson lodged for a few days in a little island inn of the Hebrides, along with other tourists. On his departure a young sportsman said to the innkeeper, "Do you know whom you have had in the house?" "No," replied the innkeeper. "That gentleman is the poet laureate." "The poet laureate!" echoed Donald. "Was it for a poet that I kept the best bed—a bard, a sennachie?" and he marched off, apparently quite indignant at himself for his undesigned politeness to so humble or doubtful a character as a poet.

A Scotch minister recently told his neighbor that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous. "Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" asked the neighbor. "Aw nae," said he; "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

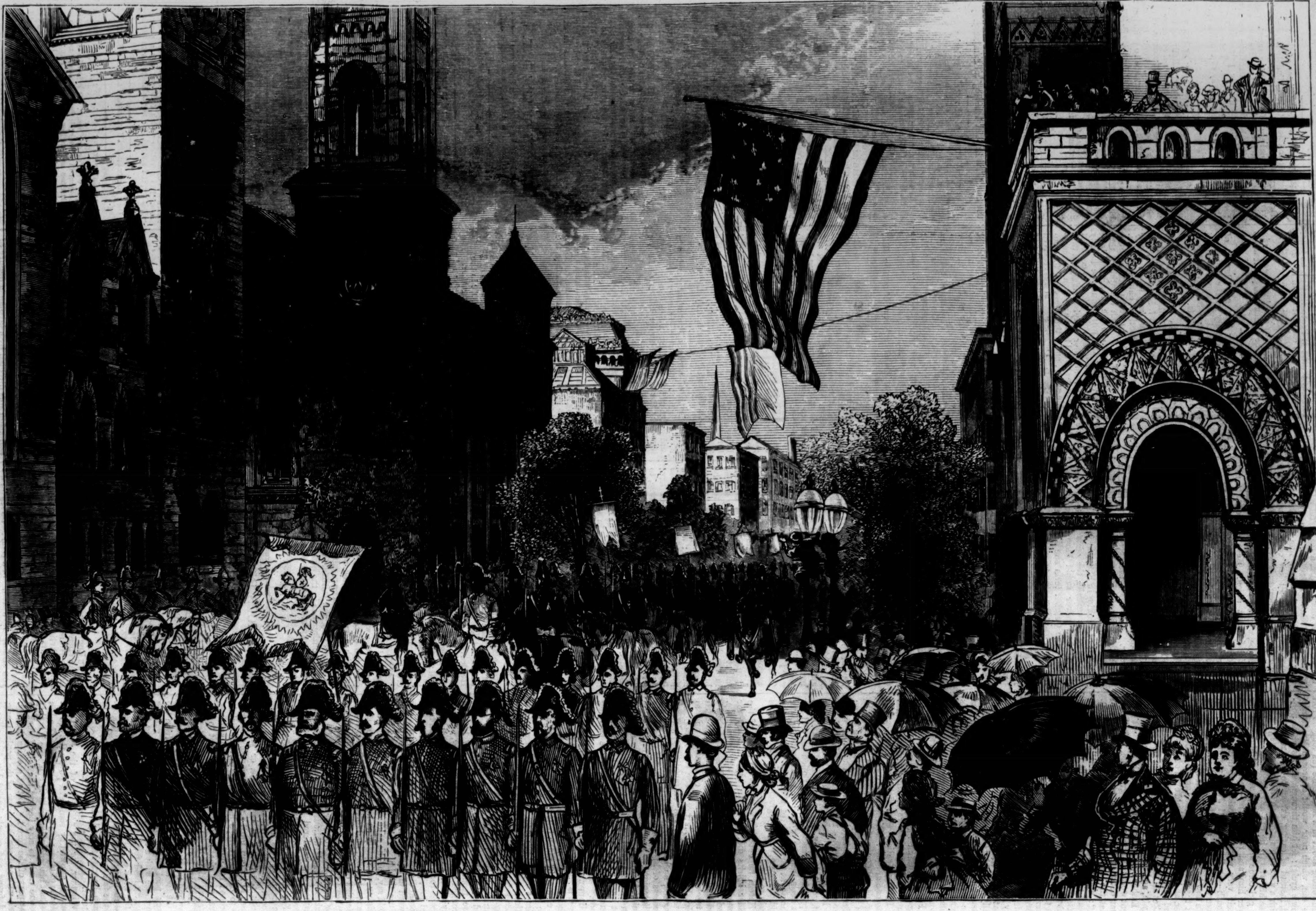
A man being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

A jester in the court of Francis I. complained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him. "If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after." "I wish your Majesty would hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

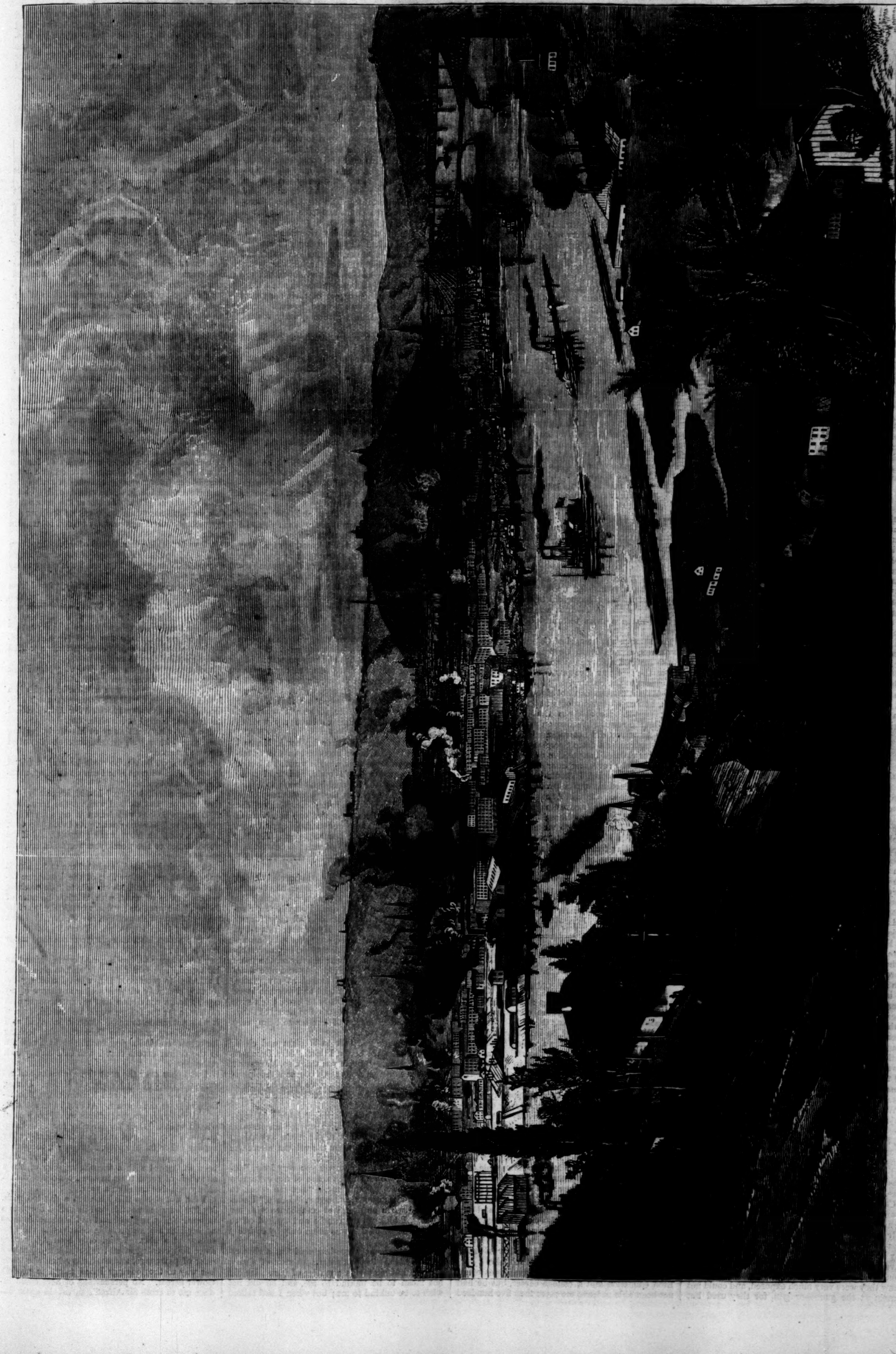
A little boy, a few days since, while coming down stairs was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?"

Diet for training Base-ball Players.—Batter pudding.

The "Chimney-pot" Hat.—We know of nothing that can be said in favor of the article which we are forced to wear on our heads. It is hot in summer; it is not warm in winter; it does not shade us from the sun; it does not shelter us from the rain; it is ugly and expensive; you can not wear it in a railway carriage; it is always in your way in a drawing-room; if you sit upon it, you crush it, yet it will not save your skull in a fall from your horse; it will not go into a portmanteau; you are sure to forget it when suspended from the straps of a carriage roof; it is too hard to roll up, too soft to stand upon; it rusts with the sea air, and spots with the rain; if it is good, you are sure to have it taken by mistake at a *soirée;* if it is bad, you are set down for a swindler.



THE CENTENNIAL—KNIGHTS TEMPLAR PARADE IN PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 508.]



CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan, from a Sketch by C. A. Vanderhoof.—[See Page 514.]

CINCINNATI.

THE assembling of the Republican Convention at Cincinnati, charged with the duty of nominating a candidate for the high office of President of the United States, calls the attention of the whole country to the chief city of the great State of Ohio. Few cities of America are more beautifully situated. Lying on a broad plateau, with the river in front and a picturesque range of hills for a background, as shown in our sketch on page 513, Cincinnati presents a splendid panorama. Stretching for ten miles along the river, from which it rises on two terraces, it affords constant variety of position and scenery. The city proper is rapidly surrendering its dwellings to the demands of business, but its picturesque and romantic suburbs are beautified by elegant residences, private parks, and lawns, shaded by every variety of trees.

Owing to the favorable situation of the city for commerce, its growth has been very rapid. From a village of about 700 inhabitants in 1800, it had increased to a city of over 216,000 inhabitants in 1870, with an immense commerce by water and railroad, and vast and prosperous manufacturing interests. It was first settled in 1788 by emigrants from New Jersey, and was laid out as a village the following year, along the river-bank. For several years it was a straggling collection of log-cabins and frame houses, and it was not until General WAYNE's victory over the Indians at the battle of Fallen Timbers, in 1795, which secured the tranquillity of that region, that its growth became steady. From that time the tide of emigration set in, with ever-increasing rapidity. Settlers descended the river from Fort Duquesne, the site of the present city of Pittsburg, in flat and keel boats, propelled by poles, and protected from Indian attacks by bullet-proof sides and top. This was the chief means of transportation on the Ohio and other great rivers of the West until 1811, when the launching of the first steamboat on the Western waters changed the whole order of things. Cincinnati at once began the building of steamboats, and extended her trade to every part of the Mississippi Valley. Canals and railroads, one after another, brought her into contact with distant points in the country, and added to her prosperity. In 1870 the city contained 24,550 dwellings, and in population was the eighth city in America. Many of the streets are handsomely and substantially built, and the city is well provided with parks and public grounds. One of the most beautiful ornaments of the city is the Tyler Davidson Fountain, a work which cost nearly $200,000, and which Cincinnati owes to the munificence of one of her citizens, MR. HENRY PROBASCO. The city has many public buildings, many churches, some of which present a very elegant architectural appearance, several colleges, and numerous and efficient charitable institutions. The most prominent industry of Cincinnati is swine slaughtering and packing. The manufacture of iron is also large and increasing. An immense amount of lager-beer is made in the Cincinnati breweries, reaching in 1872 to over 13,000,000 gallons. The capital invested in this business is upward of $5,000,000. The situation of Cincinnati, with reference to iron and coal producing regions, gives it great advantages as a manufacturing centre, and will insure its continued growth and prosperity.

FORT SUMTER.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I have read the article by Captain ANDERSON in your paper of the 10th inst. with much interest and considerable surprise.

He fills three or four columns in an attempt to prove that his uncle, Major ANDERSON, did his whole duty at Fort Moultrie. So far as I am concerned, I never doubted it, and even a casual inspection of my *Reminiscences* will show that I gave him full credit for his conduct on that occasion. The idea that I insinuated any thing to the contrary has no foundation in fact.

It seems that this idea is based on an unimportant paragraph in my book, to the effect that several of the officers, myself included, recommended Major ANDERSON to leave Fort Moultrie and occupy Fort Sumter. This has been strangely distorted into meaning that we held a council of war without his sanction, and forced him, by bringing a pressure to bear, to accede to our wishes. Captain ANDERSON thinks the same paragraph implies an insinuation that his uncle was acting in the interest of the secessionists, and desired to stay where he was, and he triumphantly brings proof to the contrary. What is the necessity of all this, when I stated that Major ANDERSON had determined to go to Fort Sumter, but concealed his intentions, from motives of policy, and claimed that it was his duty to remain in Fort Moultrie? He did this for fear the enemy might ascertain by some indirect means what his plans were, and thwart them.

While I cheerfully bear witness to the fact that Major ANDERSON was fully with us in the great question of the United States *versus* South Carolina, I can not admit that he was equally zealous after the other Southern States joined South Carolina. I have stated all this so fully in my book, and have given so many facts and details, that I hardly think it necessary to recapitulate them here.

Captain ANDERSON thinks if we had opened fire upon the enemy when the *Star of the West* came in, and their batteries tried to sink her, it would only have insured her destruction; but this is an idea of his own that I never heard suggested by any body else. In my opinion, the vessel could have come in if we had fired one shot at Fort Moultrie, for they were very nervous there, as they knew they were very much exposed, and could not remain at the guns—or gun, for they used but one—a moment after we opened fire upon them. As I measure the distance of the vessel on the map, when it turned back it was only a mile and a quarter from us and a mile from Fort Moultrie. There was less danger in keeping on its course than in going back to again encounter the fire of the Morris Island battery. At this period South Carolina had no armament, and I do not believe there was a single gun at Fort Johnson.

Captain ANDERSON thinks that his uncle was equally earnest and zealous throughout the entire period of the war, and very desirous to be employed in the field against the enemy. Now I think Major ANDERSON himself ought to be a pretty good witness in this matter. A friendly letter which he wrote to Governor PICKENS, who, it is unnecessary to say, was a bitter enemy of the government, commences as follows: "My dear Governor, *my heart was never in this war.*" And he reiterated the sentiment to parties both at the North and the South.

At the beginning of the war, after the attack on Sumter, when the whole South was echoing with the tramp of armed men, certain Union gentlemen in New York presented him with a sword. In his reply to the presentation speech on this occasion he surprised every one by saying, "that he accepted the sword, but hoped *he would never have occasion to use it.*" I am aware that his health was afterward such that he could not do duty, but his reply does not look like a very ardent desire for immediate service in the field.

Great credit has been given to him for his forbearance in submitting to every thing from the enemy in order to rouse the North. But this was an accidental circumstance, and was not designed by him. He acted solely in the hope that we might be ordered to evacuate the fort. He had no desire to rouse the Northern people, as he thought that would destroy all chance of a settlement. His object was to allay the passions on both sides until Congress could make a new compromise.

Had Major ANDERSON been a secessionist, he would have gone over to the other side; but, like most of the Kentucky statesmen of that day, he looked upon disunion with disfavor, as no remedy for existing evils. He occupied, therefore, a kind of neutral position, for he made his action dependent on that of Kentucky. If Kentucky joined the South, he said he would resign and go to Europe. Kentucky staid with us, and he staid also.

I have not the slightest desire to disparage the ANDERSON family, for they have rendered great service to the republic. Had Major ANDERSON's brother, CHARLES ANDERSON, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, been our commander at Fort Sumter, I think he would have manifested more energy; for the man who boldly pleaded for the Union in Texas when that State was about to secede, and who insisted upon speaking amidst crowds of howling secessionists, with a halter hanging over his neck—such a man would hardly have made a mere technical defense of his post.

The same might be said of Colonel THOMAS M. ANDERSON, of the Tenth United States Infantry, whose marked ability in peace and brilliant record in the late war give promise of great future usefulness to the country.

Captain ANDERSON can not give me credit for a plain, honest statement of what took place at Fort Sumter. He assumes that my criticisms must be the result of feeling on my part because Major ANDERSON did not communicate to me his secret instructions from Secretary FLOYD. Had the major violated the positive orders of the War Department by revealing instructions he was ordered to keep secret, I should have thought it a strange proceeding and a proof that he was a very weak man. Captain ANDERSON forgets that in my book I specially commend Major ANDERSON for keeping his plans to himself.

In conclusion, I have to state that my social relations with Major ANDERSON were friendly at all times. Far from attempting to do him any injustice, I took pains to give a full history of his record previous to this affair. I freely admit that he did what his conscience dictated, and what, from his point of view, he thought was for the best interests of the country.

ABNER DOUBLEDAY,
Brevet Major-General U.S.A.

A BUNDLE OF BLUNDERS.

A Sketch.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

ON the American side of the Atlantic it is difficult to estimate properly the obstacles which impede the smooth progress through life of rash young couples who marry on insufficient means, whose friends on either side are well favored by fortune, and who propose to themselves a comfortable and respectable residence in London.

Ten years ago I committed the blunder of believing that I could solve this difficulty. With more egregious folly still, I acted upon my belief. The younger son of a man possessed of large landed property which was rigidly entailed, I looked forward complacently to my brother having the estates and myself having my father's blessing when the latter died; and as I had been born, bred, and nurtured in full view of this fact, it never appeared to me a hard or lamentable one.

At least I was thus philosophical while my father was alive, while my allowance was good, while my home was still in the head-quarters of my race. But when my father died, and my brother William married a lady who looked upon me as an interloper if I appeared at her board without a solemn invitation from her, my view of the case altered, and I regarded the law of entail as a hard, lamentable, and unjust mistake.

My father had given me the advantages of an Eton education and a college career, but he had not been able to leave me more than five hundred pounds when he died, and with this paltry sum I soon found my family expected me to fight for fortune and fame unassisted by any little efforts of theirs. "My family" at this juncture consisted of my brother, already married to the daughter of the rector of our parish, and my two sisters, the elder of whom was the wife of a wealthy country gentleman, and the younger the wife of a hard-headed, prosperous, courtly, much-sought, and well-paid London surgeon.

We had all assembled at Brooklyn Place during my father's illness, and we all (with the exception of my brother-in-law Sir Alfred Edmonstone, the hard-headed surgeon) had remained there until after the funeral. My brother William and his wife had not resided at Brooklyn Place during the old man's life. He had been antagonistic to the lady and opposed to the marriage. But during his illness she took her seat upon the throne, and after his death of course she retained that seat by right. She was only about five-and-twenty at this time, but already she was an adept in the art of rendering those whom she did not like uncomfortable. The practice of threescore years and ten could not have made her a greater proficient in it.

It was the night of the day after the funeral. In a measure we had all calmed down to conventionalism again—that conventionalism which had been really disturbed while our father was dying. In a measure we had all calmed down, but my younger sister, Lady Edmonstone, was still a little agitated. When the subject of their departure on the following day was mooted, I saw her look at my brother, and then glance quickly toward me, as she said,

"What are your plans, Adolphus? When shall you be in town?"

"When I have got something to do there, and some place to go to, Addy," I answered.

"You always have some place to go to," Addy said, half tearfully. The sum left to me by my father's will appeared in my sister's eyes so fearfully disproportionate to my wants that she had been more or less lachrymose all the day.

"And you can always find something to do if you try," Mrs. Brooklyn, my sister-in-law, said, nippingly.

I was only twenty-two, and my heart swelled at this speech. But two days ago she had not dared to utter it. But she was the lady paramount now, and I was only her guest. I looked round the group as I answered,

"You're very kind, Addy; and you're very right, Fanny; but my plans are unformed, and I would rather not talk about them."

The group upon which I gazed was a very pleasant one to look at, though it was garbed in sable. My brother—the head of the house now—a tall, weedily grown, but aristocratic-looking man, sat on the right of the fire in a capacious lounge which had been my dear dead mother's seat when I was a child. His wife was opposite to him in a little fanciful lady's chair which she had imported to Brooklyn Place. She was of moderate height and size, fair in face, with pale brown hair and pale blue eyes. She was moderately endowed with mind, too, but she was possessed of a good deal of tact and discretion, and my grounds for disliking her were vague, though the dislike itself was well defined. There was that in her air this evening which convinced me that if I got worsted in my battle for fortune, I must not come to Brooklyn Place to have my wounds healed.

My eldest sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, were absorbed in the advertising sheet of the *Times*. He wanted a butler and she wanted a lady's-maid, and until those wants were satisfied I could not hope to excite any feeling of interest in their breasts respecting my future. They were a handsome, fair, well-fed couple, fond of themselves and one another and of their children, and serenely indifferent to the welfare of every other human being. The last of the group to be described was the dearest and most sympathetic to me—my sister Lady Edmonstone.

Addy had always been a warm-hearted, loving girl in her unmarried days, and when she became the wife of Sir Alfred Edmonstone, though she could not develop these qualities with the freedom of old days, they existed in all their former force, I was well aware. My brother-in-law had what is technically called an "iron will," an admirable thing in itself, doubtless, but nevertheless one that is apt to bear heavily on the more malleable metal of which lovable and nice women are composed. As I looked at my pretty, gentle young sister this night, and saw the large tears glistening in her soft hazel eyes, I felt sure that she was not quite justified to herself in that hint she had given me of her house being very much at my service.

"The sooner you talk to William and chalk out some plan, the better, I think," Mrs. Brooklyn said, earnestly. "Don't you think so, Margaret? don't you think so, Addy? Of course if Adolphus likes to stay here for a time, we shall be glad to see him, but still he can't afford to idle away his time for long, can he?"

"No, he can't, poor darling," Addy said, sighing, while Margaret looked up for an instant, with a bland smile that might mean any thing, and then down again upon the column where the possible maid might be found.

"I shall not intrude upon you very long, Fanny," I said, with a sudden sense of the bitterness of it all overwhelming me. "Let me speak to you for half an hour to-morrow, William," I added; and when he promised compliance with my request, I took up my candle and walked off to bed, to the room that was mine only by courtesy now.

My brother was a good-natured but a clumsy-minded man. I say this from no want of regard for him, but simply as a matter of fact. He did not mean to be unkind to me, and he did not wish to be unkind to me; but when I had talked with him for ten minutes the next day, I discovered that his wife had thoroughly impregnated him with the idea that under the circumstances it would be pernicious for me to remain at Brooklyn Place.

The instant I detected this I made up my mind that I would go, and when my sister Addy started at two o'clock to take the train to rejoin her husband, I offered myself as her escort, and at seven that evening we were both rolling along in her luxurious little brougham toward Sir Alfred's heavily magnificent mansion in one of the handsomest of the Hyde Park terraces.

"You'll stay and sleep at our house to-night, won't you, dear Dolph?" my sister said, hesitatingly, as we neared her house; and I, knowing what was in her heart, pitied her more than I did myself as I answered,

"No, dear, I think not."

She uttered no protest against my refusal, but her little hand crept upon mine and clasped it tenderly.

"You'll stay to dinner, at any rate, and consult Alfred about things, won't you?" she whispered.

"I am afraid his advice will be valueless," I said, bitterly. "He will tell me to 'put money in my purse,' but he won't be able to tell me how to make the money."

"Papa ought to have put by for you, poor boy. You have been brought up to need as much as William, and now you're left with five hundred pounds!" she burst out, passionately.

"Don't you cut me if I am compelled to take a crossing-sweeper's broom," I said, trying to laugh. "Never mind; cheer up, Addy—and good-by."

"You shall come in! Oh, Dolph, don't get hard and proud and bad to me because you have not been justly treated," she cried; and I suffered myself to be dragged into Sir Alfred Edmonstone's house and planted at his dinner table when that mighty man did not expect me, and as evidently did not want me. He chanced to have an ultra-critical case on hand, too, and so to be in an ultra-critical mood. I felt my visit to be peculiarly ill-timed when he commenced finding fault with his wife's dress.

"I wish to Heaven, Addy, you wouldn't clothe yourself in dead black," he grumbled; and then he quoted the example of a woman of fashion to whom he was notoriously devoted, and who, though her father was just dead, did not clothe herself in dead black. I saw my sister's cheek flush to the brightest scarlet as he mentioned this woman's name, and that scarlet flush was in my memory when he presently turned to me and said:

"I was speaking to a friend of mine about you to-day, Adolphus. He is one of the directors of a great insurance company, and he is going to try and get you in as a clerk."

"You are very kind," I said, stiffly, "but I have no vocation that way; he will have his trouble for nothing." I know now what boyish folly and impertinence it was of me to reply in such a way; but then I only remembered that while my father lived and my allowance was good, Sir Alfred Edmonstone had graciously extended all a curled darling's privileges to me.

"Oh! very well," he said, dryly. "May I ask what you have a vocation for?"

"For managing my own affairs." And when I said that, I read, "I have done with you," written legibly in the way in which Sir Alfred closed his lips and looked at his wife.

By-and-by he went away to his study, leaving me alone with my sister, and then she bewailed my imprudence.

"Oh, Dolph, Dolph, he *could* be such a friend to you! And without him I can do nothing, nothing, my poor brother!"

"Never mind, darling," I said, heroically; "I shall get on just as well without the friendship of a man who has withdrawn it on such slight provocation, I have no doubt. As I said just now, I have a vocation for managing myself, and if the worst comes to the worst, you won't cut me, will you?"

She shook her head, implored me to "make it up with Alfred," to "think of the insurance office clerkship," and, above all, to "do nothing rash. You're offended with William because of Fanny," she went on; "don't break my heart by taking offense with me because of Alfred. Don't keep aloof from me, Dolph. Don't! don't!"

"Supposing, after to-night, your husband never invites me?"

"Treat him as a brother, and come without an invitation," she said, promptly, and, to please her, I affected to promise. But when I took my departure presently without seeing any more of my host, I had a conviction that my intercourse with my sister for the future would be limited, even if it was not made to cease altogether. And as I walked along under the December sky, looking for a respectable lodging for the night, I realized to the fullest extent that I was cast on my own resources.

I will pass over the next three months, and resume the story of my blunders in March. During those three months I had known many fluctuations of hope and despair. At first I had attempted to live by my pen, but editors would not look at what I wrote. Then I made play for a clerkship in the War-office, and that failed. Finally, after sundry other false moves, I procured, through a chance acquaintance, who found out that I had been at Oxford with a favorite nephew of his, a situation of some trust in the Post-office, with a salary of three hundred a year.

I did not obtain this situation a day too soon. My five hundred pounds had dwindled down to a miserable fifty, and my heart had hardened against all my rich and respectable relatives to the substance of a flint. I had only seen Addy once since that evening when I rejected her husband's offer of patronage, and that was when she made her way to the lodgings I had taken in gloomy Gower Street. No persuasions of hers could induce me to cross Sir Alfred's threshold again until I could meet him on the fair footing of being myself an independent man.

"Dear Dolph, he would be glad to see you," Addy would say.

"Then let him call on me here," I would reply, moodily.

"That's nonsense. Busy family men don't call on young men relations."

"He would if I had Brooklyn Place."

"Nonsense. He doesn't call on William when he comes to town. Dear Dolph, don't stand on your dignity so absurdly. Come and see *me*."

But though I loved her, and though I knew her heart ached for me, I determined not to go near her husband's house until I had proved to him that my belief in my own powers had been well formed.

By the time I got my appointment I had drifted from the majority of my former friends a considerable distance. People who had been wont to ask me to their houses and fête me in former days lost sight of me very naturally. I was no longer one of the favored few at Sir Alfred Edmonstone's very select dinners. I no longer had a handsome hack standing at livery at Reynolds's or Anderson's. I was understood to be working in obscurity for my living, and while I was content to remain in that obscurity, surely it was pardonable in my friends of former days to be contented too. Suffice it to say that that which was commenced in pride gathered strength in obstinacy. As soon as I fully realized that they had drifted away, I turned aside from their current course and let them drift.

I wearied of the theatres. I could not go three hundred and sixty nights running to see the *Colleen Bawn*, and every other theatre in town was running even worse plays for an even longer period. Music-halls delighted me not. At the opera I looked out from a remote corner upon too many I had known in more brilliant days, to take much pleasure in the strains of the sirens of that day; and private society I had none. "It is not good for man to live alone." I tested the truth of this assertion for one year, acknowledged it at the end of it, and set myself seriously to consider how I should win my way back to a place in my own order.

I was musing on this subject one night at a promenade concert, or "Monday Pop," as it was familiarly called, at the St. James's Hall, when my thoughts were put to flight by a tap on my shoulder. Looking round, I found myself face to face with a man in the same branch at the Post-office as myself, of whom I had but a slight knowledge, and whose companionship had never before seemed a desirable thing. But just at this moment I happened to be filled with a horror of solitariness, and so I responded more warmly to his address than I should otherwise have done.

"Well met, Mr. Brooklyn," he had said; and I turned round and exclaimed,

"Well met indeed, Mr. Dalmaine! I was just looking for some one to express my admiration of Carlotta Patti to."

"Come and express it to my mother—that is, if you'll allow me to introduce you to her," he said, quickly. "They're in the swell place, of course." And with that he walked off, and I followed him. Even as I followed him, in the first flash of my gratification at having met with some one to exchange words if not ideas with, I was conscious of a feeling of my present proceeding being opposed to the experience and the habit of the order I had left. Promiscuous acquaintances and miscellaneous introductions!—what would my refined, high-born mother have thought of them? What would my proud old father have said of his son? Ah, well! that son should have been better provided with weapons and munitions for an onslaught on a loftier fortress of society. As it was, I told myself I had no appeal. "It is not good for man to live alone," and my own class had tacitly cashiered me. Moreover, Dalmaine was a sufficiently gentlemanly man, though, in the language of my lost caste, nobody knew him.

These conflicting thoughts passed through my brain rapidly in the few moments we were engaged in walking from the spot where he had found me to the reserved seats, where he paused before a couple of ladies, and introduced me to them as "Mr. Brooklyn, a colleague of mine," and them to me as his "mother and sister" respectively. The elder lady bowed and smiled blandly and suavely; and then in one breath expressed her pleasure at "making my acquaintance," her admiration of Carlotta Patti, and her fear that we should all take cold from the extreme heat of the room. "A commonplace, middle-class woman," I said to myself, contemptuously; and then I turned my attention to the daughter, who had not yet spoken. Her mother's voice was vulgar! I would hear what the daughter's was like.

"The organizers of these popular concerts cater well for their public, on the whole, Miss Dalmaine," I said, interrogatively.

"Do they?" she said, carelessly looking up at me as she spoke; and her face was pretty, and her tone was pure.

Somehow it came about that I was asked home to supper with them. We walked, I remember the night being fine, from the Piccadilly entrance to the hall to their home in a street in Pimlico, or Belgravia, as Mrs. Dalmaine called it. And during that walk I discovered that Mrs. Dalmaine and her son stood in the relation of step-mother and half-brother *only* to the young lady whose face had won upon me so.

Again I will skip a period of three months. My intimacy with the Dalmaines had marched apace, and in August, when my former compeers were on the Continent or on the moors, I married Ella, and wrote announcements of the fact to each member of my family. Only Lady Edmonstone responded. The others retained my letters without a word.

But Addy came to see us, surreptitiously, I felt sure, though she did not say so. We had hired a little house out at Bayswater then, the rent and taxes of which, small as it was, carried away exactly one hundred a year. We had bought second-hand furniture, and were doing with only one servant; and we were very much in love, and very hopeful about better times.

My wife was an angel then, as she is an angel now, but she was as unfortunate in her relations as I was in mine. Some well-bred people, cousins of her father's, sought us out when they heard who Ella had married. But they were checked in their career of kindness by the obtrusive bearing of Mrs. Dalmaine, who frequented our humble abode to a terrible extent, and by the free-and-easy manners of my wife's brother, who indulged himself freely in the use of scurrilous language respecting the uppish conduct of my people in cutting me.

Months rolled on, and, in spite of my poor Ella's utmost exertions, difficulties increased. She was a quiet-natured, true-hearted, home-and-husband-loving girl, so she felt it to be no privation that she could never indulge in the harmless cheerful gayeties of her age. But when her baby came she felt it to be a privation that she could not deck it out daintily, and could not give it the air it required, because she had no nurse-maid. And she felt it hard, too, that its little cousins of Brooklyn Place should be riding handsome ponies in Rotten Row, under the charge of a trustworthy groom, while her child could not even have a perambulator.

At length her step-mother mooted a plan that emanated from her plebeian mind quite naturally, but that curdled the blood in my veins with horror. We had not enough to live on, that was evident, she said; why shouldn't we do as others had had to do before us—pocket our pride and take lodgers? My wife backed this suggestion by saying, "Something we must do, dear Dolph;" and so at length I consented, and a bedroom was furbished up, and a lodger advertised for and eventually found.

He was a medical student, not a bad young fellow of his order; but then his order was not mine. He was the son of a hard-working, respectable country surgeon of the name of Jones, and he had come up to town full of faith in his own abilities—as I had been only a year or two ago. The first night he came he dined with us, and Ella had exerted herself to make a good impression on his mind through his palate, by arranging a capital dinner, which was a trifle less villainously served than usual. He expatiated largely on the honors and glories of his profession, and cited Sir Alfred Edmonstone as one of the examples of these.

After a time I gathered that he was attending lectures which my clever and distinguished brother-in-law was giving to a select few. He was a talented young fellow, and he worked hard, and soon he came more especially under Sir Alfred's notice as a practical illustration of one of the lecturer's most astounding theories. The young man made his mark by his daring, and by the tact and skill which accompanied the daring, and so the end of it was that by-and-by my lodger dined at my sister Lady Edmonstone's table as one of her husband's favorite guests.

We learned this truth about the same time that we learned another. My brother had acceded to his wife's entreaties, and had taken a house in town for the season. We gathered this fact from the gossip column of a fashionable "lady's newspaper," and we also gathered from the same source that Mrs. Brooklyn was to be presented at the next Drawing-room by the wife of our noble county member. Contemporaneously *my* wife was diversifying her labors as nurse-maid with those of cook and house-maid. Her little hands were growing coarse and hard, and her best dress was a brown alpaca.

It is easy to say, "What matter how coarse the hands are if the heart is only in the right place?" Such philosophy is easy, but false. No man could be more entirely convinced than I was that my wife's heart was in the right place, but I grieved over the gradual browning and hardening of her hands all the more bitterly because I had such a full knowledge of her patience and industry and goodness. It was at this epoch that my second child was born, and that my sister Addy sought me out again.

"Alfred wants to make it up with you, Dolph," she said, eagerly. "He sends you and your wife a warm and cordial invitation to dine with us on Tuesday. He admires the independent spirit which has kept you to your own course so long."

"In short, he is no longer afraid that I want to borrow money of him," I said, bitterly.

"Ah! don't take that tone, dear. Accept his friendship now he offers it; he can't fail to be charmed, as I am, with your wife. We thought—heard, I mean—that you had married so differently; but Ella is such a perfect gentlewoman."

Will any reader care to hear what efforts my still lovely wife made to go looking well to that dinner? They were mighty efforts, though strong-minded people may urge, perhaps, that they were made with a puerile object.

She was fair enough to be any man's fate when she had made ready at last, simple as her toilet was and poor as the materials of which it was composed were; she was fair enough to be a helpmeet for a man whose fate was brighter than mine; she was fair enough for me to be fully justified in the pride I felt in her when we entered my sister's drawing-room, and I found that all my relations were assembled to pass judgment on my choice—my wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooklyn were there, and Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, these latter fair, fat, flabby, and feelingless as ever. There were some remote cousins, too, whose *amour propre* my way of life had been supposed to outrage. And there was Mr. Jones, my lodger!

Shall I tell you, reader, what I felt when I saw him? No; every human being can understand a tithe, if it be only a tithe, of that which I felt. I knew that he was an unconscious, an innocent, instrument of torture, but, all the same, he was a very rack to me that night.

He behaved almost as well as a well-born man could have behaved under the circumstances. He ignored all former knowledge of us, and accepted Sir Alfred's introduction to us as though he had cast eyes on us for the first time. But through all the dreary length of that grand dinner I saw that he pitied and despised me.

How did it come about? I am not quite clear on the subject, but I think it came about somewhat in this wise: my brother, moved by the graceful bearing and beauty of my wife, was asking our address; and while every one was listening, Ella gave it, to my horror, in a clear, distinct "Thirty-seven Chepston Villas."

"Why, that's your address, Jones!" Sir Alfred said, turning to his promising pupil.

And then Ella, who scorned to lie, as she did all mean things, said, "Mr. Jones is lodging with us."

The announcement fell like a thunder-bolt among them, and my brother's wife drew her little self up, and pinked her poor little feathers, and uttered disjointed ejaculations. My brother even said, "What a blunder, Dolph! but of course Edmonstone didn't suspect;" and Mrs. Worthington, my eldest sister, actually blushed as *she* apologized to *me* for such a mistake being made in her sister's house. For a few moments it seemed to me that I was farther from them all than ever. Then my wife, who had been so patient heretofore, spoke impatiently.

"Excuse me, Mr. Brooklyn," she said, "but of all the blunders that have been perpetrated by us and against us, this, it seems to me, is the least."

She seated herself away from the rest a few moments after she had said that, and I saw my brother look toward her, and my sister, Lady Edmonstone, go to her lovingly. But she would not go near them again till they sought her, and then she yielded herself to their advances very gently.

Our days of letting lodgings were numbered from that evening. After all, it *was* disagreeable for Sir Alfred, I admitted; and so when my salary was increased we kept the little house in Chepston Street to ourselves. Soon I secured one or two remunerative engagements on the London daily press, and eventually I made my way into two or three of our leading magazines. But the heart went out of my work when, after bearing the heat of the battle so gallantly, my wife died when the peace came.

I am a Bohemian of the Bohemians now. Since she is not here to adorn the old order that I valued far too highly, I have ceased to strive to make my way back to it. Few of those social difficulties which I have more or less faintly sketched oppress me now. But I do sometimes hold a debate with myself on the subject of one, and that is whether the friends of a young man are justified, under any circumstances, in leaving him entirely to his own devices in our great metropolis. Left to himself, he must sink socially if not mentally, and, worse than this, the consciousness that he considers he has sunk may break the heart of his wife.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The series of reports of the operations of the geological survey of Illinois, under direction of Professor Worthen, has lately been increased by the publication of the sixth volume, in which the subject of the geology of the State is treated by Worthen, Brodhead, and Cox, and that of the paleontology by St. John, Worthen, and Meek. In the introduction to his work Professor Worthen remarks that the geology of the State is not exhausted, but that for the purpose of economizing in all State expenditures, he has made no provision for continuing the series beyond the volume just published. He thinks, however, that at a future time the subject should be continued and conducted to a full completion. He calls attention to the condition of the collections made by him, and thinks they should be preserved as a nucleus of a State museum of natural history, or disposed of to a museum where they can be cared for. In conclusion, Professor Worthen pays an appropriate tribute to Professor Henry, Professor Dana, and the late Professor Agassiz for assistance furnished from the books and libraries under their control, and for their interest, manifested in several ways, by which the objects of the survey have been promoted.

According to *Nature*, Professor Nordenskjöld is to leave Gothenburg on the 10th of July, in a steamer of 163 tons, for another cruise to the mouth of the Yenisei. He expects to sail up the river as far as Dudinko, when the steamer will take merchandise on board and return to Norway. The object of the expedition is to prove that there is a maritime route between Norway and the Siberian coast.

Professor Nordenskjöld is now in Philadelphia as a member of the Board of Awards of the Centennial Exposition.

It is stated that a Russian steamer will also leave the Yenisei, and proceed to St. Petersburg by the Kara Sea, the North Sea, and the Baltic.

The death of Lieutenant J. E. Cornelissen is announced as having taken place at Brussels in March last. This officer has been for sixteen years at the head of the marine branch of the Utrecht Institute, during which his contributions to the science of marine meteorology have been extensive and important.

At the latest advices Dr. Finsch and his party had reached Omsk, after a very arduous journey. After leaving there they expected to push on to the extreme southern limit of their exploration at Sergiopol, by way of the little-known range of the Tabagatai Mountains.

Dr. D. Ferrier has discovered what promises to be a specific remedy for "cold in the head." This consists of trinitrate of bismuth, six drams; acacia powder, two drams; hydrochlorate of morphia, two grains. Reduce to as fine a powder as possible, and use as snuff. The bismuth is the active agent. Taken in repeated pinches, inhaling strongly, so as to draw it well up into the nose, the tickling and sneezing are stopped, and next day all traces of coryza will have disappeared. Such at least is Dr. Ferrier's experience, and experiments upon others have confirmed it.

From the *Monthly Weather Review*, of the United States Signal Service, for April, we learn that the special features for the month were, first, the slight deficiency of temperature throughout the Atlantic States, the lower lakes, and the Canadian Provinces; second, the rarity of destructive storms, tornadoes, etc; third, the rarity of auroras; fourth, the large excess of rain-fall in the South Atlantic and Gulf States; fifth, the long-continued high water in the Mississippi between Cairo and Vicksburg, ending in the formation, on the 26th, of the cut-off at the latter place; sixth, the rarity of destructive frosts; seventh, the heavy snow-storm of the 4th and 5th in New England.

The practical value of the Signal Service to the farmer and agriculturist is shown by the statement that the usual damages by rain in the case of hay crops have been very greatly reduced in Indiana and Illinois during the past year by the prevailing custom of consulting the Farmer's Bulletin before cutting the hay. The importance of a knowledge of the weather to be anticipated in connection with interests of this kind is illustrated by the statement that a single severe storm in the cotton belt has been known to cause fluctuation in the total value of the annual crop amounting to $20,000,000.

The verifications of the probabilities during the past month were 83.6 per cent. Of 154 cautionary signals displayed at the United States signal stations, 29 were not justified, while 120, or 78 per cent., were justified by high winds known to have occurred within one hundred miles of the stations.

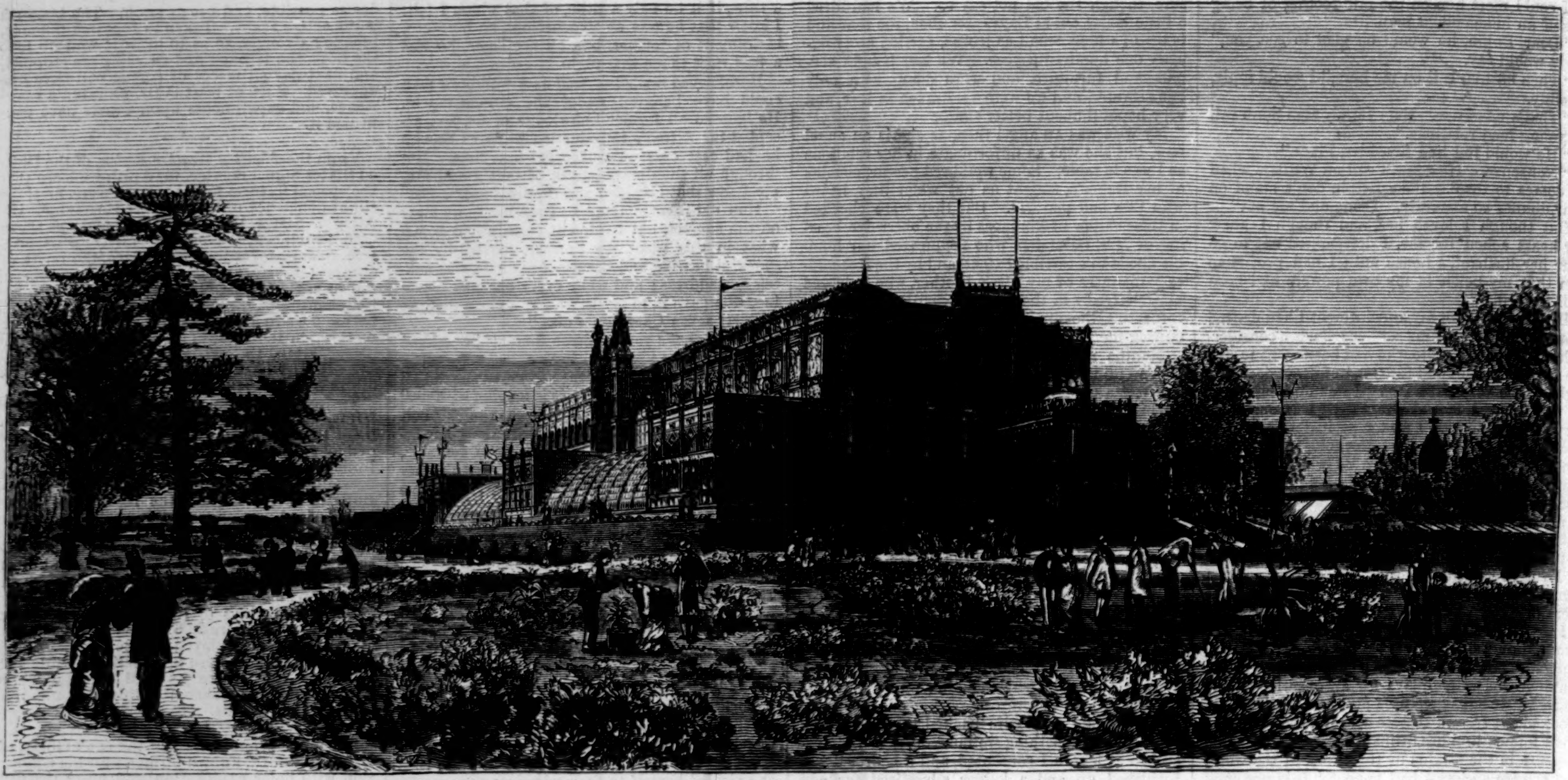
The death is announced, at the age of forty, of Dr. R. Bucholz, known formerly for his connection with polar exploration, and more recently for his travels in Central Africa. After a three years' absence in that country, this gentleman had only recently returned to Germany, and at the time of his death, April 17, he was engaged in arranging the numerous scientific collections that he had brought with him, and which he designed for the museum connected with the chair of zoology in the University of Greifswalde.

Professor Silvestri, of Turin, proposes the name *Siderazot* for a native iron nitride, or compound of iron and nitrogen, which he has detected among the fumarole products of Mount Etna. The eruption of August, 1874, was especially interesting in that, while commencing violently, the duration was short, and the end came suddenly. It was at this time that the new mineral was found, appearing as a thin incrustation, of gray metallic lustre, coating the lava. It contained chemically ninety-one per cent. of iron and nine per cent. of nitrogen. The author makes some remarks upon the possible method of formation of this rare compound, but the matter seems to be yet involved in much uncertainty.

M. Laussedat communicates to the French Society for Aerial Navigation the result of some observations on the flights of carrier-pigeons. He states that he has been engaged in organizing a system of carriers for military purposes. Ten pigeons were taken from Paris to Moulins, distance 271 kilometers. The direct line from Moulins back to Paris being marked out for the use of the trained pigeons, they were observed to follow the mark very closely, and, according to a dispatch subsequently sent back to Laussedat, who remained at Moulins, it appears that seven of the pigeons arrived together at their home in less than three hours, having accomplished the distance at an average of ninety kilometers per hour. Two arrived a little later, and the tenth stopped on the way. The atmospheric circumstances were, it is true, favorable; the wind was blowing from the south to the north, there were very few clouds, and the temperature quite moderate. The pigeons which accomplished this remarkable flight came from the Somme. In order to obtain a good race of carrier-pigeons it is considered necessary to cross the Anvers with the Liege breeds. The City Council of Paris are about to offer a prize for the best pigeons which are all of foreign breeds. A prize will perhaps also be offered for the best purely French breeds.

Dr. Preyer, of Jena, has called renewed attention to the fact that a preparation of lactate of soda injected under the skin, or introduced into the stomach, will produce a somnolence quite similar to natural slumber. The application of this through the mouth has been tried with much success in some cases, although in others it has been quite inefficacious.

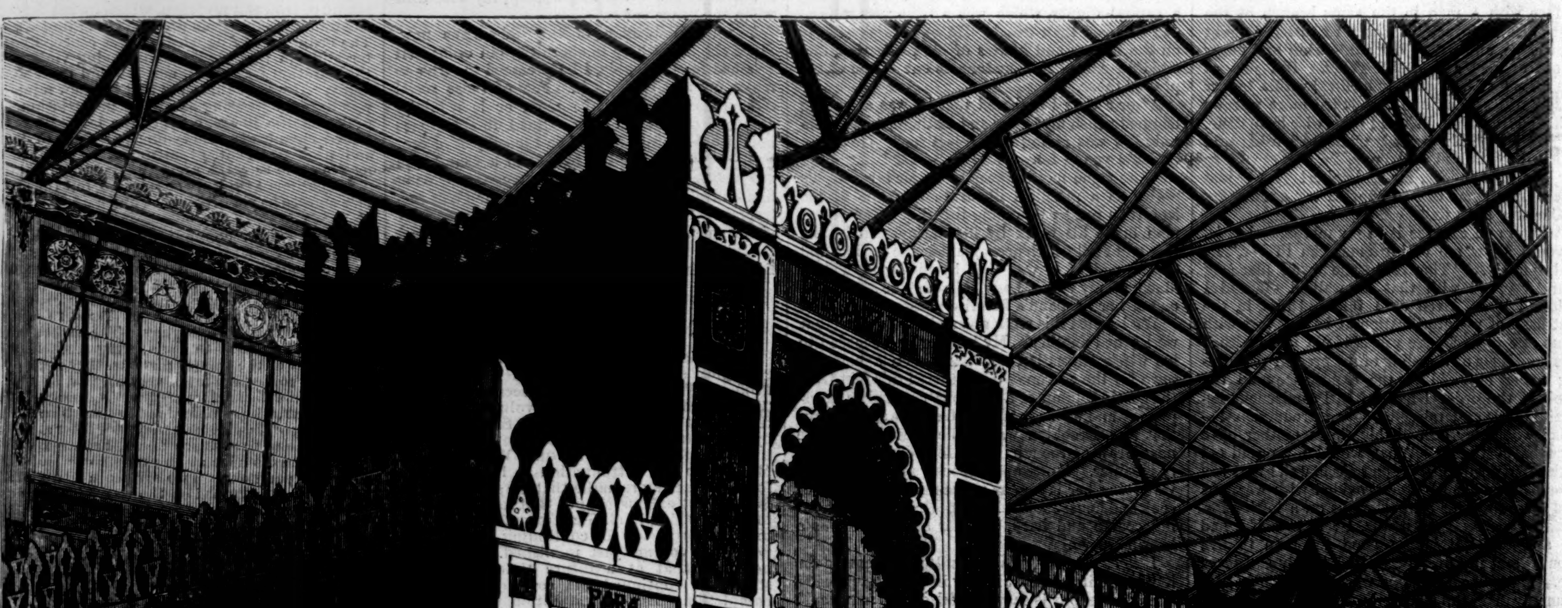
An important suggestion has lately been made in regard to the utilization of certain waters in the cultivation of fish hitherto supposed to be unavailable. The article refers to certain ponds along the Rhine, connected with a variety of manufacturing establishments, which are intended to receive the water condensed by steam-engines. One of these ponds is about 120 feet in length, with a depth at the sides of four feet, running down to sixteen feet in the centre, and is supplemented by the dike which runs around three sides of the manufacturing establishment. This dike in the aggregate is about 1600 feet long by twelve feet wide and six feet deep in the middle. The entire water area is about 24,000 feet, with a depth of six feet in the dike and sixteen feet in the centre of pond. The dike and pond are simply excavated out of the earth, and are neither bricked nor cemented. They were simply made to carry away surplus condensed water, which runs into the pond at about 110° F. The temperature of the pond just where the water runs in is about 90°, and the coolest part 76° F. Three hundred carp about five inches in length were introduced seven years ago, and now the young can be seen all the year round. Fish weighing four to five pounds are quite common, and one hundred pounds may easily be taken in an hour. Gold-fish also thrive excellently in the same water. It appears that the fish like best to be where the water is warmest, especially the younger ones. The locality referred to is near Bonn, on the Rhine.



THE CENTENNIAL—EXTERIOR OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.—[SEE PAGE 508.]

BRAZIL AND THE NETHERLANDS AT THE CENTENNIAL.

IN a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* we gave an account of the Brazilian exhibits in Agricultural Hall; on this page will be found a sketch of the pavilion inclosing the section devoted to the great South American empire in the Main Building. It is novel and striking in design, of the Moresque style of architecture. The greatest height of the pavilion is about forty feet. It consists of colonnade and wooden pillars, with highly ornamented capitals, and arches supporting a gaudily painted superstructure, also of wood. The façade and sides consist of clusters of pillars, and, in addition to very high coloring, are decorated with glass tiles, having various and richly colored designs on the back. The Brazilian coat of arms appears on each side of the main entrance, and also near the top, on the glass tiles; the tiles are used also in forming the names of the various Brazilian provinces on the frieze extending around the structure. Near the summit of the façade is the name of the nation, also in colored tiles. The colors chiefly used throughout this structure are green and yellow (the national colors of Brazil), and red and blue. The show-cases within the inclosure are of plate-



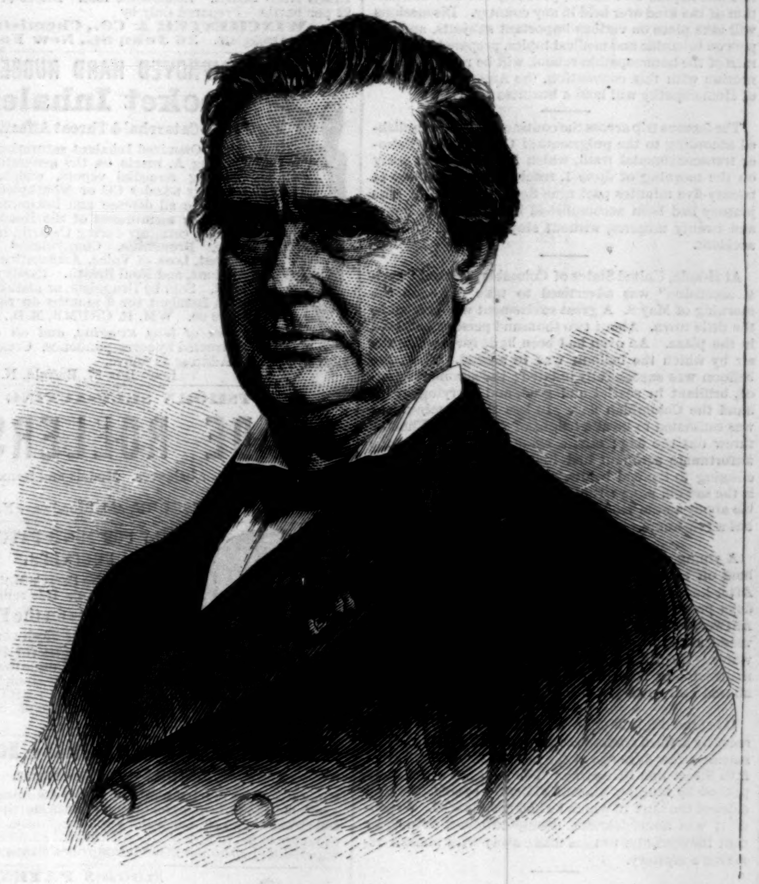
THE CENTENNIAL—BRAZIL AND THE NETHERLANDS, MAIN BUILDING.

glass, ornamented with ivory and gold, and lined with cloth of a maroon or some other dark and rich color. Near the entrance is a large show-case containing artificial flowers made from feathers taken from the brilliant-plumaged birds of the Brazilian forests. Among the exhibits coffee, the great staple of the country, is a specialty, although cocoa, rice, mandioc, ginger, yams, sarsaparilla, and many other varieties of tropical fruits are displayed in attractive abundance. Many varieties of useful and ornamental wood so plentifully supplied by the almost inexhaustible forests of the country are exhibited. These include specimens of the castor-tree, rose-wood, Brazil-wood, caoutchouc, cedars, logwood, and mahogany. Hammocks used by Indians, and other articles, both modern and ancient, peculiar to themselves or to their ancestors for many generations back, are among the collection of national curiosities and antiquities.

Besides the sections in the Main Building and Agricultural Hall, Brazil makes a very creditable show in Machinery Hall. Among other articles, the miniature models of stationary and marine steam-engines attract the visitor's attention. There are also three models of men-of-war, and one of the naval arsenal at Bahia, in which are represented the engines and boilers and all the different pieces of machinery. There are three boilers and two engines, and a complete line of shafting, with couplings, counter-shafting, and hangers, all complete. Here we can see, all arranged in methodical order, planes, upright drills, boring machines, and several lathes. Small as these latter are, and all are made to scale, they show every part as perfect as in the larger machines. Besides the engines and boilers and the shafting, there are twenty-one different machines represented, and also the rail tracks, with the two turn-tables and two trucks. There are also two models of stone dry-docks, being made to scale from those at Santa Cruz and the Imperial Dry-dock. These are also complete, and give a very good idea of those important government works.

THE NETHERLANDS.

Just beyond the Brazilian section in our illustration may be seen the pavilion of the Netherlands. It is surmounted by a graceful arched frame-work, painted in cream-color, and hung with curtains of maroon velvet draped in heavy folds. The Department of Public Works is illustrated by a quantity of valuable and suggestive diagrams, photographs, and models. A part of the Exhibition that attracts all passers is the collection of carpets from Delft. These are made in one piece, and in imitation of Smyrna carpets, and are, if any thing, softer, thicker, and richer in color than the originals. Passing many articles we would like to mention if we had the space, we must refer our readers to the representation of the Dutch colonies, one of the most interesting departments in the building. Here are grains, woods, barks, fruits, oils, metals, in abundance. Here are curious filigrees and barbaric arms and shining silks and embroideries made by savage fingers. A large space is given to photographs, barks, leaves, etc., representing the cinchona trade of Java. There is also a model farm establishment in miniature, very compact and neat, at which, we fear, our Western farmers will be apt to turn up the nose.



J. MARION SIMS, M.D.

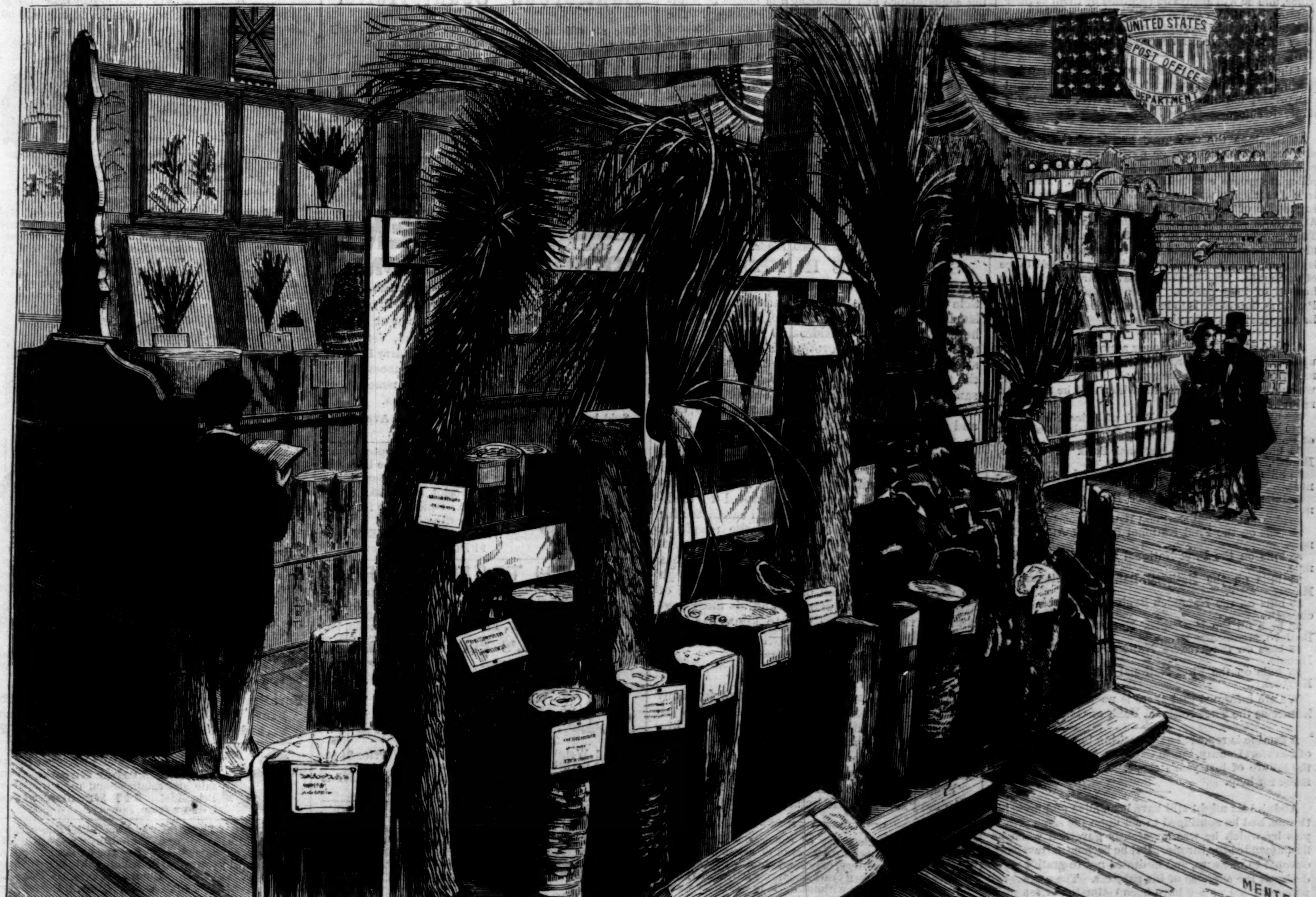
J. MARION SIMS, M.D.

THIS eminent physician, president of the American Medical Association, and founder of the Woman's Hospital of New-York, was born in Lancaster District, South Carolina, January 25, 1815. He graduated at South Carolina College, Columbia, in 1832, and pursued the study of medicine at Charleston and at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. Dr. SIMS settled at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1836, and soon achieved a wide reputation as a skillful operator in general surgery. Somewhat later his attention was turned to the treatment of diseases peculiar to the feminine constitution, and at his own expense he established a hospital for women. His invention of sutures of silver wire as a substitute for those of silk and other material was an important advance in surgery. Dr. SIMS also invented several other surgical instruments, which have come into general use.

In 1853 Dr. SIMS removed to New York, where, through his persistent efforts, a temporary hospital for women was established under his charge. The success attained was so remarkable that it was soon demonstrated that a permanent hospital on a large scale was an absolute necessity. And in 1857–58 Dr. SIMS obtained from the Legislature a new charter for a State institution, now known as the "Woman's Hospital of the State of New York." He also obtained a grant of land from the city of New York for said hospital. This plot of ground is 200 by 400 feet, with open streets on all sides, is located about half a mile southeast of the Central Park, very near Columbia College, containing thirty-two lots, and is now valued at about $500,000. The Common Council appropriated $2500 in 1855 in aid of the fitting out of the temporary hospital, and later the sum of $10,000 and the grant of land on which the hospital now stands, between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, between Lexington and Fourth avenues; and the State Legislature appropriated $50,000, through the earnest exertions of Dr. SIMS, in aid of the permanent hospital.

In 1861 Dr. SIMS visited Europe, and examined the various hospitals, conferring with FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, who recommended the "pavilion plan" for the new hospital. Dr. SIMS, on his return, at once entered upon the arrangements for the buildings on this plan. In 1866 one pavilion, with seventy beds, was finished and occupied, and a second pavilion of the same style and capacity has been erected, and is nearly ready for use. This hospital is mainly supported by voluntary contributions, and the funds for building were chiefly from private subscriptions.

While Dr. SIMS was in Europe he was warmly welcomed by the profession, and on invitation he operated in the hospitals of Dublin, London, and in nine different hospitals in Paris before the great surgeons of the day, and always with success; and in 1864 the French government conferred upon him the order of Knight of the Legion of Honor. The surgeon of the King of the Belgians hearing that Dr. SIMS was operating so successfully in Paris, went there especially to invite him to go to Brussels to repeat his operations in the hospitals there. He accepted the invitation, and repaired promptly to Brussels, where he spent almost an entire day in the hospitals with the Belgian professors. So pleased



THE CENTENNIAL—SUB-TROPICAL TREES OF THE UNITED STATES.—[SEE PAGE 508.]

were they that they immediately elected him a Corresponding Fellow of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, and they recommended his name to the king's government for the order of Leopold I., as a recognition of the great service he had rendered them.

In 1866 he published in London his work—*Clinical Notes on Uterine Surgery.* In a few weeks it was republished here, and it was translated and published simultaneously in French and German.

Soon after this publication he received decorations from the Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian governments, and in 1869 he received a second order from the Italian government. In 1870 Dr. Sims organized in Paris the Anglo-American Ambulance Corps, and, as surgeon-in-chief, went with it to Sedan, fortunately arriving there just as the great battle began (August 31) which ended in the downfall of the empire. This corps was composed of eight Americans and eight Englishmen.

The address delivered by Dr. Sims on the 6th inst. before the American Medical Association, in Philadelphia, produced a profound impression by its boldness and by the practical and progressive character of its scope and outlook, and was received with great applause, ten thousand copies being ordered to be printed for distribution among the members of the Association.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

On the afternoon of the first Sunday in June there were about forty thousand people in Central Park, when suddenly it began to rain. The clouds had looked black and threatening for some time, but visitors trusted that the rain would not really come, and were loath to leave the beauties of the Park. When the drops first descended, a stampede took place. The rushing exit of forty thousand from the Park entrances was a curious sight. None of the alarmed throng stopped to consider how they looked or what they did. New summer bonnets, hats, dresses, and coats were uppermost in every body's mind, and how to save them from a drenching was the problem. The cars never before developed such a capacity. Many amusing accidents and episodes occurred. Among other things recorded was the remarkable speed made by a Teutonic gentleman and his mate, with their numerous incumbrances. They had taken their entire family to the Park to spend the day. There were ten children, and the eldest looked younger than twelve years. The majority of the family were carried in arms. It was with a sigh of relief that the father and mother deposited their burdens in the horse-car. The father at once began to take a census. He counted slowly from one to ten, and reported to his wife. "Yah, yah," she laughed; "I was afraid we might lose one."

There are various indications that the visit of the Prince of Wales to India may institute some important reforms in that country. The old restrictions placed upon women in India were relaxed so much that they can hardly be so severe hereafter. For the first time the women were liberated from the hard walls of the zenana, and were seen in open carriages, unveiled, enjoying with rapture the fire-works and other festivities. They were given to understand that this unprecedented freedom was granted at the express desire of the Prince, and he will always be regarded by them as their liberator. It is also stated that the Prince rebuked the insolence of certain Englishmen toward natives in such a way as has produced an excellent effect.

At the recent sale of the effects of Hans Christian Andersen, letters and souvenirs from celebrities brought high prices; but his own autographs were sold at only moderate sums.

At Saratoga the two great events of the coming summer will be the college regatta and the athletic games. These latter will be the first distinctively intercollegiate games ever held in this country. The Athletic Association was organized last December at the suggestion of the presidents of the Yale and Harvard Athletic Clubs, and it now includes sixteen colleges. The summer games are to be at Saratoga the day after the regatta, and the president of the association is now laying out the track, which is within a short distance of the hotels. This track is to have four straight sides instead of long curves. When complete, "College Park," as the course is to be called, will equal any track in America in its arrangements.

A flood of counterfeit money appears to have burst upon New York and Brooklyn, and it is well for those receiving bills to be on their guard. From an exchange we quote a list of counterfeits, which may be useful for reference:

$20 bills on the National Bank of Utica, New York.
$10 bills on the Farmers' and Manufacturers' Bank of Poughkeepsie.
$5 bills on the First National Bank of Chicago, Illinois.
$5 bills on the First National Bank of Paxton, Illinois.
$5 bills on the First National Bank of Canton, Illinois.
$5 bills on the First National Bank of Peoria, Illinois.
$5 bills on the First National Bank of Aurora, Illinois.
$5 bills on the First National Bank of Galena, Illinois.
$5 bills on the National Bank of Northampton, Massachusetts.
$5 bills on the Hampden Bank of Westfield, Massachusetts.
$5 bills on the Mechanics' National Bank of New Bedford, Massachusetts.
$5 bills on the Traders' National Bank of Chicago, Illinois.
$5 bills on the First National Bank of Louisville, Kentucky.

We are informed that there is no such bank in existence as the First National Bank of Galena, Illinois.

A famine is reported as prevailing in some sections of Beaufort County, South Carolina, in consequence of the failure of last year's crops. An appeal has been made for help.

Abdul-Aziz might still have been alive and upon his throne, had he continued to act upon the same principles by which he was apparently governed when he first ascended the throne. But he became extravagant, devoted to pleasure, and hesitated not to gratify every desire at the expense of his subjects. The annual expenses of his palace have been estimated at ten millions of dollars. This may be an exaggerated estimate, but he certainly spent enormous sums upon his harem, and taxed the people heavily that he might indulge every passing whim. So after reigning as Sultan fifteen years, his career suddenly terminates: deposed from the throne May 30; died by his own hand June 4. His successor, Murad, is a nephew of the late Sultan, and is rightful heir to the throne by the Turkish law of succession.

A "World's Homœopathic Convention" will be held in Philadelphia on June 26, probably the first convention of the kind ever held in any country. Discussions will take place on various important subjects, and papers on scientific and medical topics, prepared by noted men of the homœopathic school, will be read. In connection with this convention, the American Institute of Homœopathy will hold a business meeting.

The famous trip across the continent was accomplished according to the programme: the Jarrett & Palmer transcontinental train, which left New York early on the morning of June 1, reached San Francisco at twenty-five minutes past nine Sunday morning. The journey had been accomplished in eighty-three hours and twenty minutes, without stoppages and without accident.

At Honda, United States of Colombia, a grand "aerial ascension" was advertised to take place on the morning of May 8. A great excitement was created in the little town. About two thousand persons gathered in the plaza. An oven had been built for heating the air by which the balloon was to ascend. The large balloon was successfully inflated; the aeronaut entered, brilliant in scarlet and gold, and carrying in his hand the Colombian flag. In less than a minute he was estimated to be at a height of 2000 feet. Then he threw out the flag; next a smoke was seen, and the unfortunate aeronaut had lowered a rope, and was clinging to the end below. Soon flames burst out. It is the sad old story: the poor man was found insensible about a mile from the place of starting, and lived but a few hours.

A young sailor was recently picked up by a pilot-boat off Sandy Hook in a state of great exhaustion. After he had somewhat recovered, he stated that a few days previous he had signed articles for a voyage to Antwerp on the bark *Eliza M'Laughlin*, and that the vessel sailed the day before he was rescued from the water. He himself had leaped overboard to escape maltreatment from the first mate, who, he said, had abused him without cause.

It is touchingly announced that a young white whale, recently arrived from the coast of Labrador, committed suicide a few days ago at the new aquarium at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway. The rash act was accomplished by flinging himself violently against the iron sides of the tank in which he had been placed. Whether it was homesickness, disappointment, or despair that induced him to thus make away with himself remains a mystery.

The Pelham coach continues to be a topic of much interest to all who have a fancy for "coaching." Among other things, the precise distance of Pelham from the Hotel Brunswick has been a subject of discussion. It has been ascertained that the exact distance between the Hotel Brunswick and the front gate at Arcularius's Hotel, Pelham, following the route of Colonel Kane's coach, is 15.205 miles.

It is proposed to hold an International Convention of Archæologists at Philadelphia in connection with the Centennial Exposition, for the purpose of promoting acquaintance and increasing the means of information in American archæology and ethnology. The State Archæological Society of Ohio will provide rooms for the Convention, and the first meeting will be held in the Ohio building at 2 o'clock P.M., September 4, 1876. The American Association for the Advancement of Science meets at Buffalo, New York, August 23, at which time a sub-section of anthropology will be formed. The Archæological Convention has been appointed near the close of the sessions of the association, in order that those who desire may conveniently attend both meetings. Large collections in ethnology and archæology from the Smithsonian Institution, the State Society of Ohio, and other public and private sources will be on exhibition, and will furnish a great incentive for archæologists to visit the Exposition.

From the Toledo Blade.

SPECIALTIES IN MEDICINE.

We publish on our eighth page a lengthy article describing the system of the noted specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., in which he sets forth with considerable force and clearness his reasons for devoting his whole time and attention to a single department of medicine—the treatment of lingering chronic diseases. The same article also takes up the subjects of diagnosis, methods of consultation and treatment, etc., and will be found to contain many valuable hints to the invalid. Dr. Pierce is the author of a work which has already attained a large circulation—"The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser"—containing some nine hundred numerously-illustrated pages, and devoted to medicine in all its branches, a work well calculated for the guidance and instruction of the people at large, and which may be had for $1 50 (post-paid) by addressing the author. Dr. Pierce has now been before the general public long enough to enable the formation of a careful estimate of the efficiency of his treatment and his medicines, and the verdict, we are glad to know, has been universally favorable to both.—[*Com.*]

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Arising from over-exertion, sickness, or from any cause whatever, Schenck's Seaweed Tonic is a valuable remedy, containing the nourishing and life-supporting properties of many natural productions; its strengthening properties are truly wonderful. A single bottle will demonstrate its value.

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Burnett's Cocoaine is the best and cheapest hair dressing in the world.—[*Com.*]

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Pocket Inhaler.

For all Catarrhal & Throat Affections.

(*Patented* 1873.)

The Ozonized Inhalant saturating the packing A, reacts on the generator B, evolving remedial vapors, which, inhaled by nozzles CC or Mouthpiece D, eradicate all disease and inflammation from the membranes of the Head and Throat, certainly curing Catarrh, Headache, Bronchitis, Clergymen's Sore Throat, Loss of Voice, Asthmatical Affections, and Foul Breath. Easily managed. Sold by Druggists, or mailed you with Inhalant for 3 months on receipt of $2 00. WM. R. CRUMB, M.D., Ag't.

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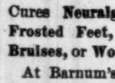

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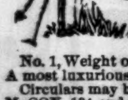

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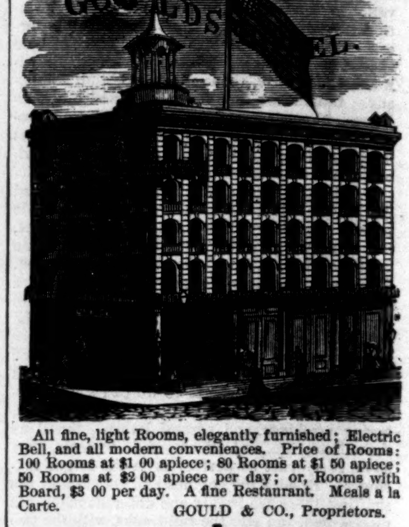

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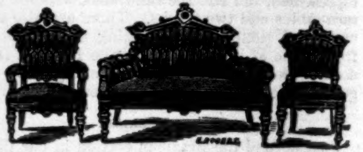

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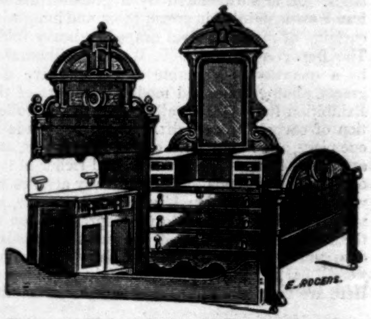

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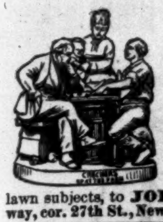

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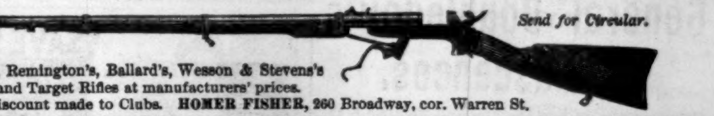

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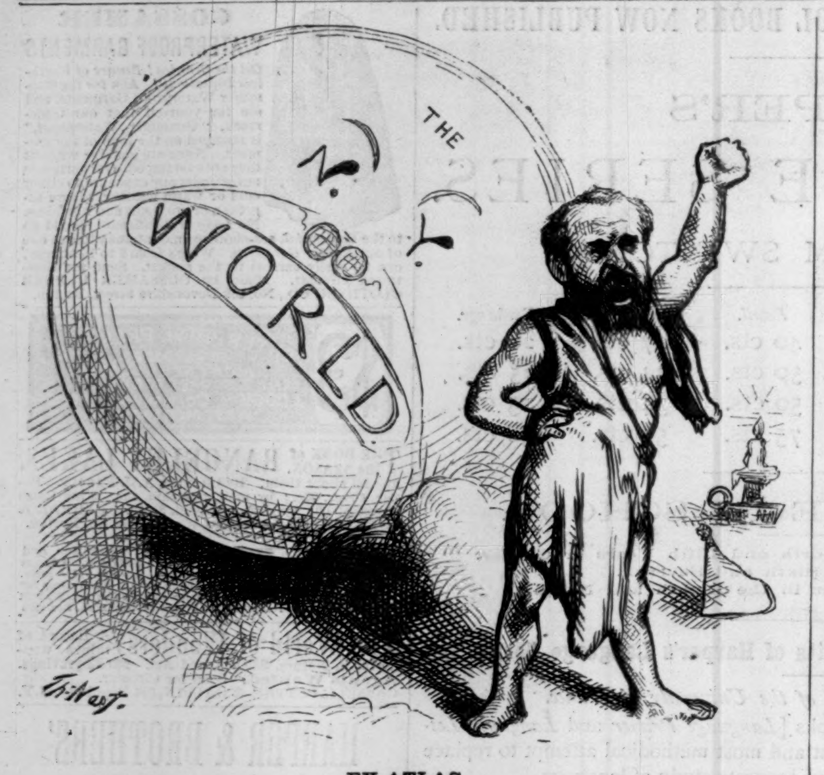

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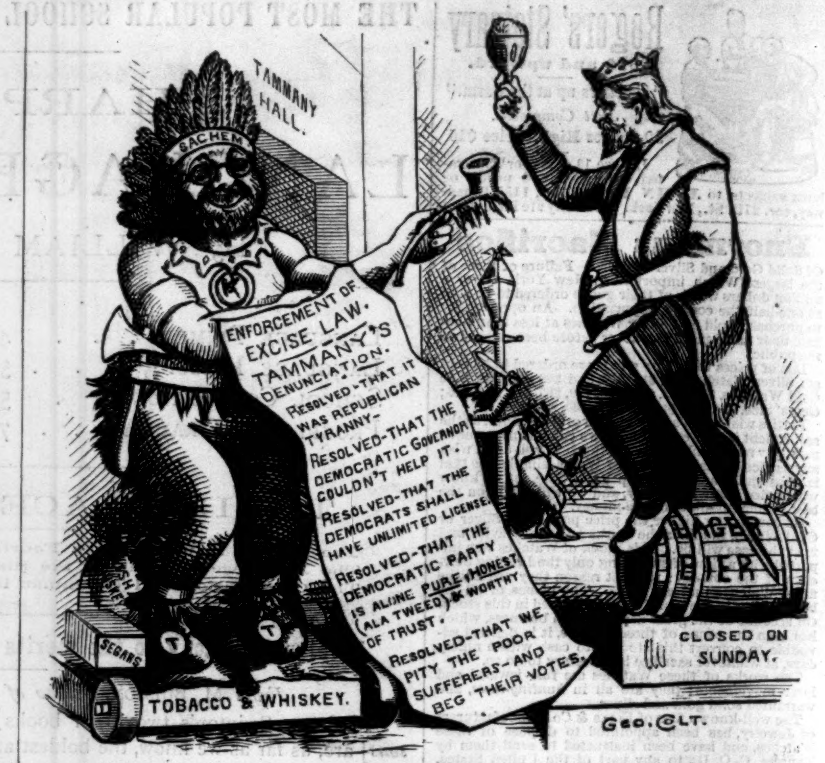
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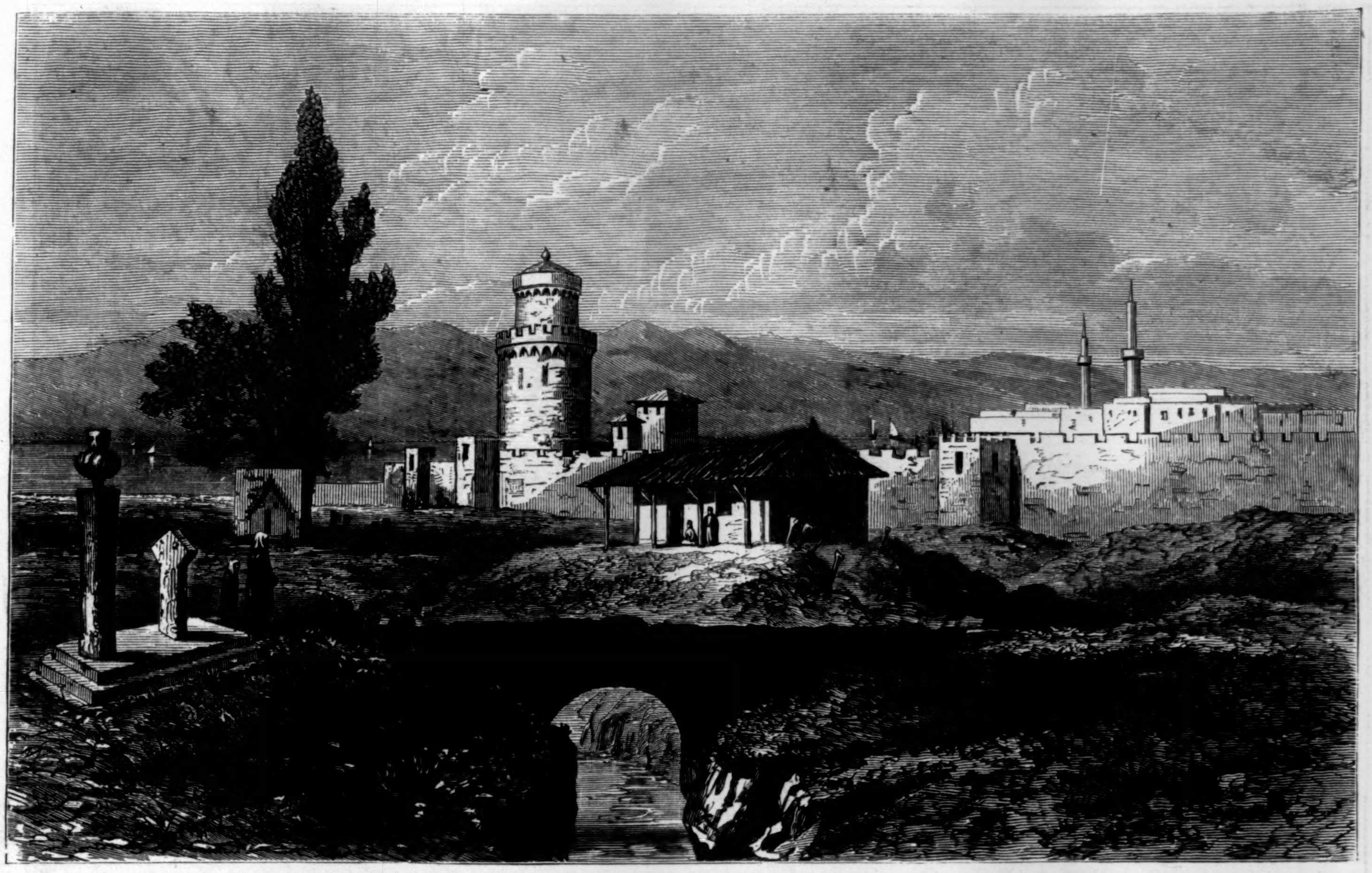


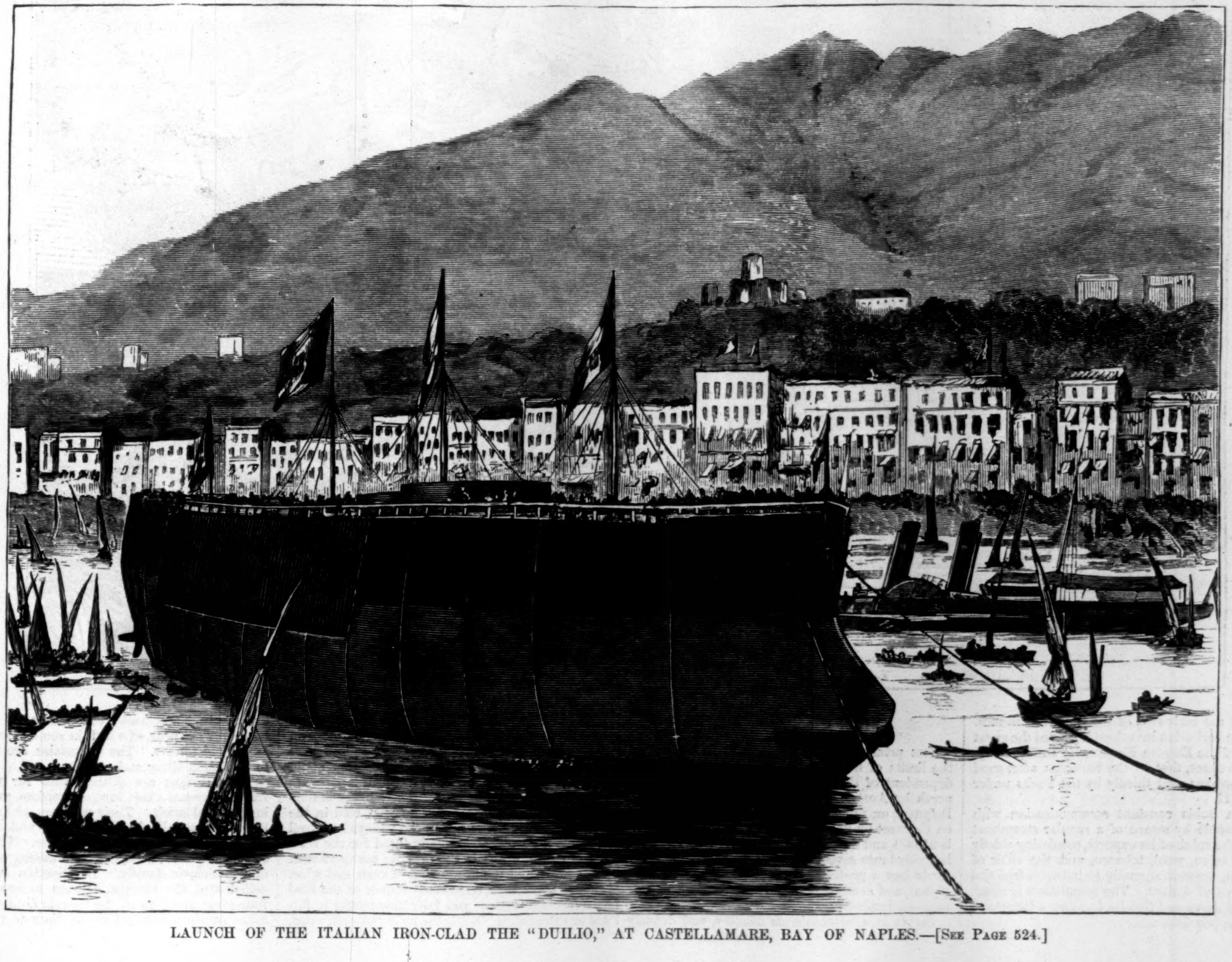
SALONICA—SCENE OF THE RECENT OUTRAGE ON THE GERMAN AND FRENCH CONSULS.

THE OUTRAGE AT SALONICA.

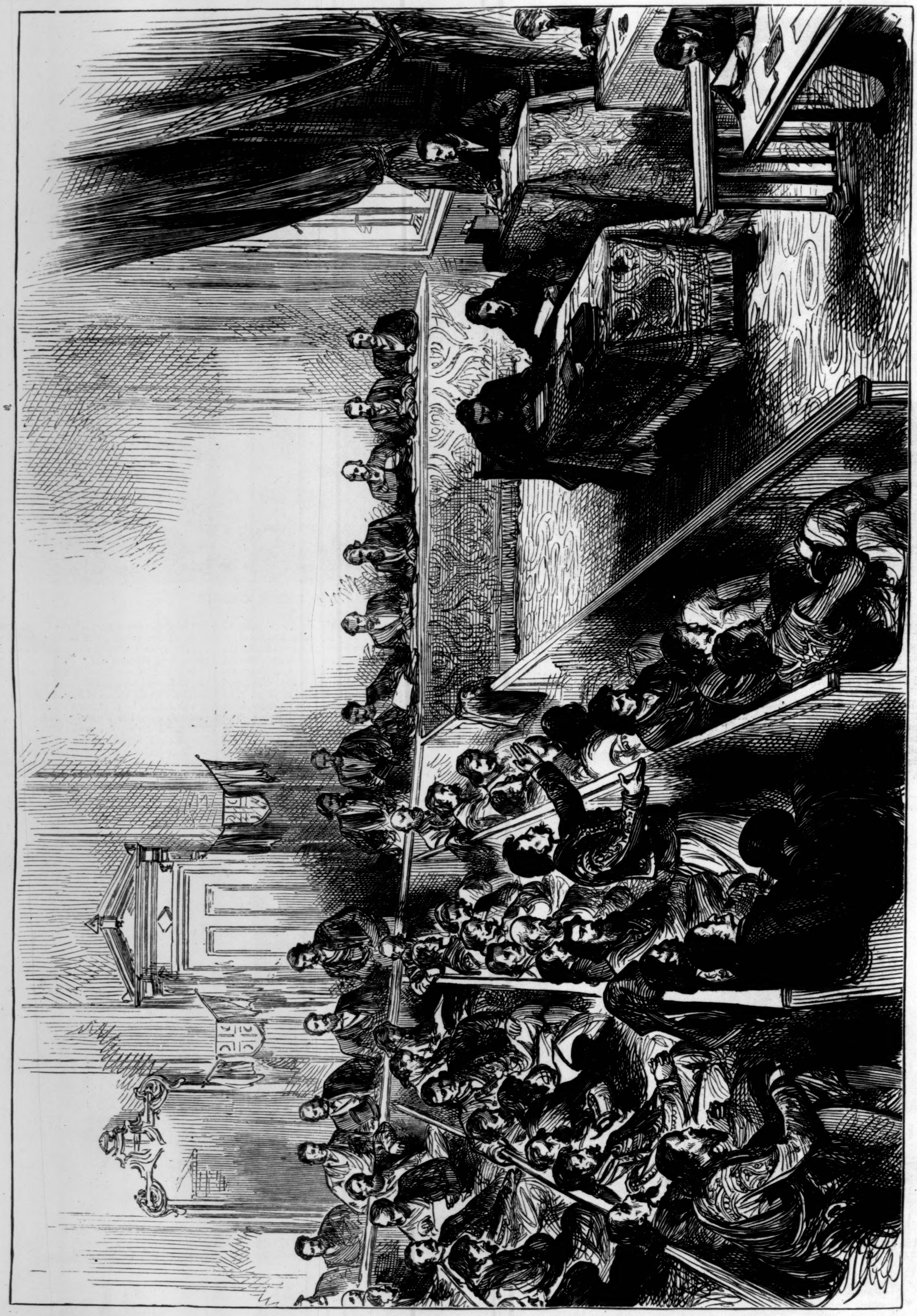
Our readers will be interested in the view given on this page of the ancient city where a mob of fanatical Mohammedans attacked the German and French consuls, Mr. Henry Abbott and his brother-in-law, M. Paul Moulin, early in May last. The public is already familiar with the details of this deplorable affair, and with the political events which have followed in its wake with such startling rapidity. Salonica is situated upon the gulf of the same name, and ranks next to Constantinople in European Turkey. It rises from the shore along the face of a hill, and is inclosed by white walls, partly ancient and partly mediæval, about five miles in circuit, and surrounded by cypresses and other evergreens. But the bright and beautiful appearance it presents from the sea is about as deceitful as that of many other Eastern towns, which only retain their fascination when gazed upon from a distance. In its internal aspect it is miserable in the extreme. The same filth and indigence that make Constantinople repulsive to the visitor are visible every where in its streets, and the misery and loathsome forms of disease that in European cities would be hidden from sight, here parade themselves to the view.

Little can be said for the dwelling-houses of Salonica; they are utterly miserable and comfortless. A climate that permits people to live in the streets may perhaps be some excuse for the want of attention paid to the habitations, and may account for the fact that all attempts at architectural elegance is reserved for the public buildings. The most pretentious structures are the mosques, most of which were previously Christian churches. The citadel, called by the Turks Vedi-Kuleh, or "the Seven Towers," is the ancient acropolis. Within it may yet be seen the ruins of the triumphal arch belonging to the time of Marcus Aurelius. Other relics of antiquity are the propylæum of the Hippodrome, a magnificent Corinthian colonnade of five pillars; the triumphal arch of Augustus, erected after the battle of Philippi; and the arch of Constantine.

In ancient times Salonica was first called Sherma, under which designation it is mentioned in connection with the march of Xerxes through Greece. It was rebuilt by Cassander about 315 B.C., who probably named it Thessalonica, in honor of his wife; and during the wars between Rome and Macedonia it figures as the principal station of the Macedonian fleet. After the close of the civil wars its prosperity greatly increased, and for three years it was the first city in Greece. Sa-



LAUNCH OF THE ITALIAN IRON-CLAD THE "DUILIO," AT CASTELLAMARE, BAY OF NAPLES.—[See Page 524.]



DEBATE IN THE SERVIAN PARLIAMENT.

lonica was the early seat of the Christian church. During the barbarian invasions it proved the great bulwark of the Eastern Empire, yet suffered capture three times, first by the Saracens, afterward by the Normans, and thirdly by the Turks under AMURATH II.

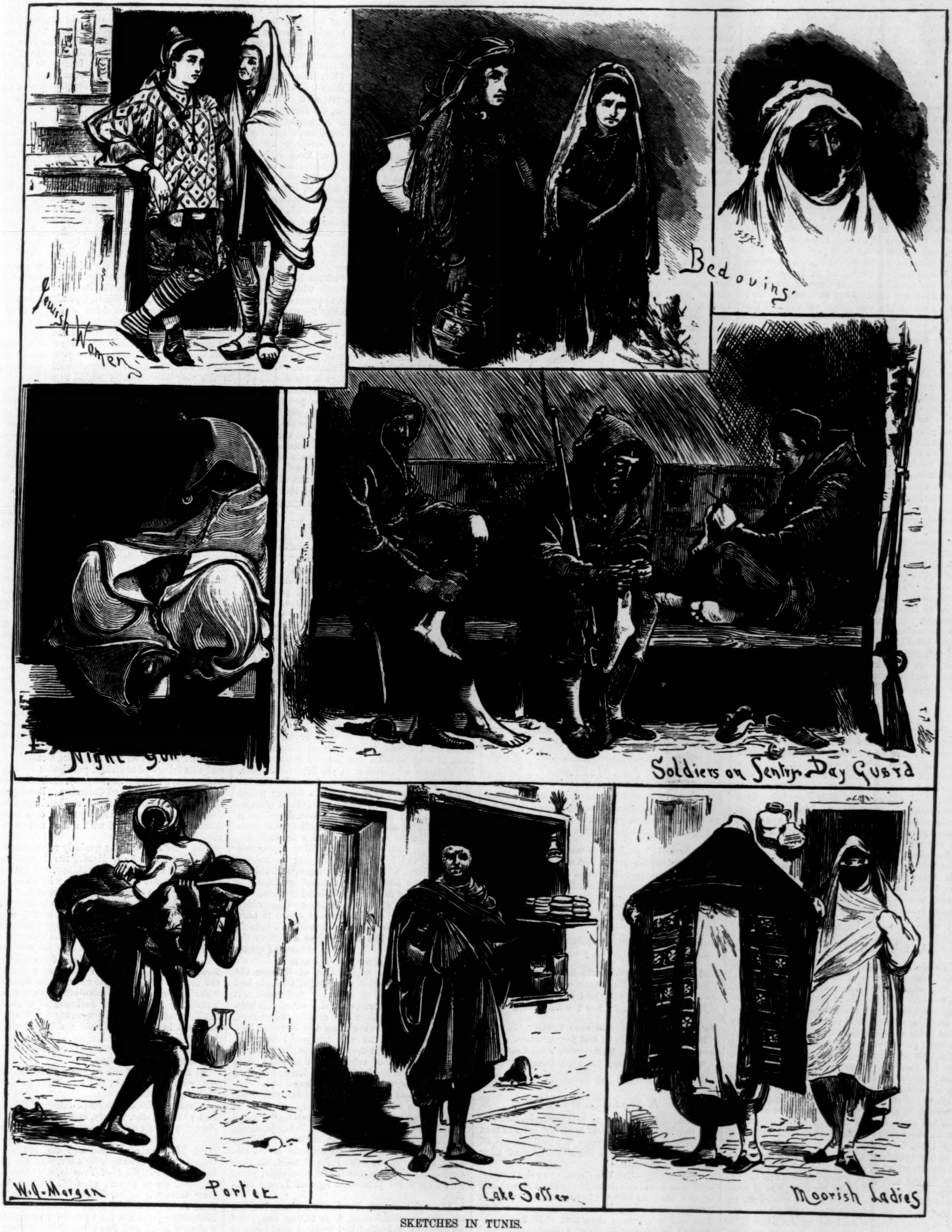
Salonica holds constant communication with Constantinople by means of a regular steamboat line, and the value of its exports, consisting chiefly of corn, cotton, wool, tobacco, and the silks of Macedonia, amount annually to between five and ten millions of dollars. The population is much mixed, the Jews and Greeks forming a large portion of the population.

SERVIA.

THE principality of Servia is included within the limits of European Turkey, but is almost independent of that power. It is bounded on the north by Austria, on the east by Wallachia and Bulgaria, on the south by Rumili and Bosnia, and on the west by Bosnia. The area of square miles is 21,000, and the population 1,222,000. The land is divided into seventeen *ocruzia*, or circles. Each circle has a prefect and a court of the first instance, and sends a deputy to the *Scubsch'tina*, or national parliament.

Servia is a mountainous country, and densely wooded. From the interior numerous chains proceed northward, forming massive barriers both on the eastern and western frontiers, and sloping pretty nearly toward the swampy plains along the Save and the Danube. Beautiful landscapes are every where to be seen. The climate is temperate and salubrious, but somewhat cold in the higher regions. The soil in the valleys and level districts is fertile, and equally fitted for the rearing of cattle, which is the favorite occupation of the people, and the production of corn and wine, yet not more than one-twenty-fourth of the land is under cultivation, and fully nine-tenths is forest or wilderness. Oak is the most common wood, but chestnut and fruit trees of all sorts abound, especially the pear, of which in some places there are whole forests. The mountains are believed to be rich in silver and copper.

The Servians are distinguished for vigor of frame, personal valor, love of freedom, and glowing poetical spirit. Their manners and mode of life are exceedingly picturesque, and strongly prepossess a stranger in their favor. They rank among the most gifted and promising members of the Sclavic family. The Servian language, called also the Illyrian, belongs to one of the four great divisions of the Sclavic family, and is more nearly allied to Russian than to Polish or



SKETCHES IN TUNIS.

Bohemian. It is distinguished by the predominance of vowels and its melodious resonance. Popular songs and ballads constitute by far the finest part of Servian literature. Some of the ballads, now so largely known by means of translation, go back to a period anterior to the appearance of the Turks in Europe.

At present the religion of Servia is that of the Greek Church, but they are independent of the Patriarch at Constantinople, and all ecclesiastical affairs are managed by a metropolitan, who has his seat at Belgrade, and is assisted by three bishops in the different cities. According to recent estimates, Servia had 298 churches and 300 educational institutions, not including the elementary schools for boys and girls. These schools are not under the control of the clergy, and education is consequently making rapid progress.

SKETCHES IN TUNIS.

The series of sketches we present to our readers on this page were suggested to the artist by the curious scenes and characters found in Tunis—the smallest but most populous of those tracts of country on the northern coast of Africa known as the Barbary States. Tunis, the capital, is one of the best-built towns in Africa, yet the streets are narrow, unpaved, and dirty, and the houses low and mean. The bazars are attractive in appearance and well furnished, and many of the mosques are successful attempts at architecture, that of Jussuf being really a splendid building. The palace of the Bey, however, is by far the handsomest edifice in Tunis. The ceilings are said to glitter with gold and carmine and azure, while the principal rooms open into a large courtyard paved with marble and surrounded by a columned arcade.

The inhabitants are principally of four great races. The Moors are of mixed origin, being descendants from the ancient Arabs, Romans, etc. Their complexions are lighter than those of the pure Arabs, and they are a well-formed race. The Arabs are much like those of Asia, and are descended from the original conquerors and from emigrants from Sahara. They are pastoral and live in tents. The Berbers are a race differing from the two former in language and customs, and therefore probably of a different origin. They are warlike and free, and have their habitations in the mountains. The Turks are the ruling race, although Tunis is nominally independent. About the beginning of the nineteenth century Hamuda Pasha threw off the Algerian yoke, subdued the Turkish militia, and created a native Tunisian army. Independence was thus virtually achieved, but the state still sends a yearly tribute to Constantinople.

The Moors of Barbary have been proverbial in Europe for cruelty, ignorance, and fanaticism. The people of the cities carry indolence to the Turkish extreme. When meeting in the streets, men who wish for a few minutes' conversation with each other will spread out the mats they carry with them, and seat themselves comfortably before beginning. A shop-keeper will arrange his wares so that he can reach any of them without leaving his seat, and the very watchmen perform guard duty in a sitting posture. The complete dress of the Moor includes a red pointed cap, with a turban or cotton sash wrapped round it, a shirt with wide sleeves, short white drawers